THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

BY G. MASSEY.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns from flowers!

Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling lonesess
Hooded hearts grow blind!

Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles in token—

That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel-touch;
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns from flowers!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN FAESMOKE'S PLOT," ETC.

"The lady was not mistaken," said the old hunter. "There was an Indian warrior, and in his war-paint concealed behind that tree."

CHAPTER I.

A TEXAN PRAIRIE.

It was the afternoon of a beautiful spring day, in the year 1839. The slowly westering sun shone with a clear and ardent lustre on the rippling waters of the river, that ran sparkling through a charming wildwood scene.

A park-like expanse of green sward bordered the stream on each side, sloping gently to the foot of the woodland, whose wall of verdure rose at no great distance back.

The green meadows that lay between the forest and the river were richly adorned with brilliant prairie flowers, many plants which are eagerly sought as garden exotics in the North blooming here in wild beauty.

The rose, lily, dahlia, jessamine, trumpet and passion flower, with many other beautiful though less known blooms, lent the varied beauty to this sunny Texan prairie, till it seemed, indeed, a garden of the tropics.

At a short distance from the bank of the stream stood a rude log hut, without other ornament than that given it by some clambering vines, whose green leaves and purple flowers hung, in a charming cornice, from the roof.

Back of it was a small kitchen garden, the only evidence of an attempt to cultivate the soil, the unbroken prairie spreading on either side as if defiant of the plow.

Nearer the river sat two men, half extended on the long grass. They were engaged in an animated conversation, with many questions and answers, as if they had just met after long separation.

They were both stalwart, weather-beaten men, who looked as if they had seen much service and had strength and endurance for much more.

One, a stout, short, thick-whiskered, full-faced man, seemed to be the occupant of the hut that lay behind them, and from which came occasional female voices, in evidence that he was a man of family. The other was tall and broad-shouldered, with grizzled beard and a firm, resolute face. Shrewdness and energy were the main characteristics of his features, while a broad scar across his cheek told of some former scene of warfare and peril.

He was dressed in the garb of a hunter, with leather leggings the worse for hard usage. A close cap of coon skin covered his thick brown hair. His fingers toyed with the rifle beside him as if he considered it his best and readiest friend.

"How time does slide on," he said, in a reflective tone. "It's three years now since we parted company, and it hardly seems three weeks. We had a sharp tussle with the Mexicans that day."

"Sharp! You'd better say it," replied the other. "They come near snuffing out your candle. You've got the mark yet."

"Yes," replied the visitor, touching the scar on his face. "I've had no fighting worth talking of since, except with a catamount now and then. By the way, Joe, I haven't seen your boy yet. He must be getting sizable."

"He grows like prairie grass," replied Joe. "He's out on a hunt to-day. The old woman's run short of meat, you see, and the boy is cute with the rifle, if I must say it."

"He has the soul of a hunter, I could see that years ago. But, Joe, what are all these rumors of trouble with the Indians? I am just from the States, you know, where they think all is quiet in the Republic of the Lone Star."

"The Cherokees is getting uneasy," said Joe. "The tarnal Mexicans are at the bottom of it, and there's going to be trouble. The red lands up here is the best site in the Republic, and the Injuns want to keep it all to themselves."

"And Joe Sawyer wants a slice of it for himself," said the visitor, laughing. "There's a good deal of human nature about the Indians, Joe. They don't like squatters."

"I've froze on to a bit of perarie here, and I calculate to keep it," said Joe, resolutely. "I may have to take the back track, for the wimmen's sake, but it won't be for long."

"It's not an open break, is it?"

"No. But there are red scouts out, and there has been more than one murder. There's danger betwixt here and Nacogdoches, and it's my notion that it's working down this way."

"There may be some work then, for an old hunter," replied the other. "It is ten years since I've been over this ground, but I don't forget it, and I'm not overly in love with the Cherokees."

"They're treacherous hounds, the whole twelve tribes of them," said Joe, with energy. "I don't know which is the worst, Seminoles, Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees or any of the rest of them. Colonel Bowles, their head chief, is hand and glove with the Mexicans; and Lone Star, the second chief, is a reg'lar red devil."

"Ain't you on the edge of the Cherokee grounds, Joe?"

"No. They are about ten miles above here. They swarm as thick as hive bees about the head waters of the Angelina. You could see twenty of the lazy red hounds any day in the streets of Nacogdoches."

"I've seen some wild times in that town," said the visitor. "It used to be head-quarters for a crew of rascally Mexicans. Have any of them hung on, or have they all followed Santa Anna back?"

"There's enough of them there yet to make trouble. I'll bet my head there's agents here from the t'other side the Rio Grande. They want to get up an Injun war, and then strike in themselves for the Lone Star."

"There may be something in that," said the other, with a serious look. "I thought of tramping it down to Austin, but maybe there's going to be more profitable work out this way."

"To tell the truth, Jack Gray," said the host, "I am a bit worried about the wimmin folk. This business ain't all smoke, and my little house here ain't fireproof. If they rise they'll streak straight down the Angelina. Now it's despret heavy, in an Injun war, to have a wife and two young gals on your hands."

"You are right there, Joe," said the hunter. "Down, Brave! What ails you, dog?"

These last words were addressed to a large, shaggy hunting dog, which had been dozing near them, buried in the long grass, but which had now risen, and was looking steadily down the stream, with a low, savage growl.

The animal paid no attention to this command, except to growl more fiercely.

"He scents game," said Joe, stretching out his hand for his rifle. "There's something on four legs in the woods yonder."

"It's a horse then, with a two-legged creature on it," said the hunter. "That's not Brave's game signal. Maybe it's red meat. Get inside, Joe, and stand ready to bolt and bar. I'll take a short scout through the woods, with the dog."

These directions were obeyed almost as quickly as given. A half dozen strides placed Joe inside the door of his stout built mansion, with his eye at a loop hole which had served before for the passage of a rifle bullet.

Jack Gray, the hunter, seemed making for the same refuge, but he shot quickly past it, with a swift, stooping motion, and was lost in a minute amid the bushes of the forest. The dog followed at his heels, and disappeared with him.

A momentary rustling was heard, as scout and dog moved stealthily through the bushes, then all was silent.

The prairie lay in sunny calm, its countless flowers filling the air with their fragrance. No stranger would have dreamed of peril in that quiet and beautiful scene, or of the anxious hearts that beat under the green-embowered roof.

Several minutes passed, then the sounds which had reached the quick senses of the dog became audible to all. A crackling of twigs and rustling of dead leaves was heard, in a path that led through the wood to the stream.

The loud neigh of a horse followed, at the same moment that the scout's dog broke into an open bark. Jack Gray strode from the woods, at a short distance below the point at which he had entered, his rifle on his shoulder, while his whole manner was careless and unconcerned.

"All right, Joe," he cried. "Open out. It's company coming."

Almost as he spoke two equestrians rode out from the forest path, and slowly approached the party who were curiously regarding them—the two hunters being now reinforced by Joe Sawyer's wife and two half-grown daughters.

The strangers were well worthy of observation, belonging to a class of mankind seldom seen in that wild region.

One was a young man, dressed partly in the uniform of the United States' service, partly in civilian's dress. He was a well-built, handsome man, with long brown whiskers and moustache, and a keen blue eye that took in the whole scene at a glance.

His right hand lightly touched the bridle of his companion as he advanced, as if to keep this person a little in the rear, and to bear himself the brunt of any danger.

And well might he have been solicitous for the well-being of the beautiful creature who rode beside him. It was a young lady, in the first flush of womanhood, with a delicate, glowing face, more charming in its contours than any of the observers had ever before seen. She was of slight figure, attired in a short, black riding suit, and sitting her steed like a practical equestrienne.

There was more of interest than alarm in the gleam of her bright eye, while a rosy flush of excitement reddened her fair cheek. Strands of golden hair, loosened by her ride, flowed in rich contrast over the white lustre of her brow. Joe Sawyer's girls might well have been pardoned for the open stare of wonder and delight which they kept upon this fair stranger.

The gentleman reined up as he approached, looking keenly down in the faces of the hunters, who stood carelessly leaning upon their weapons.

"Are we far from Nacogdoches?" he asked.

"About twenty miles," replied Joe Sawyer.

The gentleman looked back inquiringly at his companion.

"I think our horses can make it," he said.

"Mine is fresh yet," was her silvery-toned answer, as she stroked the mane of her blooded steed. "But we must wait for Laura. Do you think she will find us?"

"Oh, yes! She cannot stray from the path. We rode on rapidly," he explained to the others, "and left this lady's maid in the rear. We will wait a few minutes for her to come up, with your permission."

"Do you know that the road is not safe ahead?" spoke the deep tones of John Gray.

"Not safe?" echoed the gentleman.

"There is danger of an Indian raid. They may be already on the road. It might prove dangerous to venture with that lady."

The gentleman cast a concerned look back.

"We must go on," she replied, with decision. "It is very important that we should reach there without delay. We cannot stop for a possibility of danger."

"Is the peril so imminent?" asked the gentleman. "Would it not be safer to go ahead rapidly, than to delay till it becomes impossible to pass?"

"It might be for a man," said the hunter.

"Then it shall be for a woman," spoke the self-willed beauty. "We must reach Nacogdoches to-night."

Her steed gave an impatient move forward as she spoke.

"Not by that route," cried a new voice, as a lithe young man stepped into the path before her. "You will be more likely to reach the lodge of Lone Star, the Cherokee Chief, by that route."

CHAPTER II.

JOE SAWYER'S SON.

The eyes of the lady were fixed on the new comer with a curious and slightly vexed glance. He was rather boy than man, his smooth face and slender, flexible form showing few of the marks of manhood.

Yet he was evidently stronger than his figure gave warrant for, since he bore, with apparent ease, on his right shoulder, the carcass of a slain deer, his left hand carrying a long rifle.

He was dressed, with some attempt at ornament, in the hunting dress of the period, while his well-cut features had in them less of Joe Sawyer than of the matronly wife of the latter who stood beside him.

"Lone Star," echoed the lady. "A very poetic name he has."

"What is the difficulty on this route?" asked the gentleman. "Our errand is too important to be laid aside for any slight danger."

The youth had stepped aside, and deposited his burden on a bench at the cabin door.

"There's venison for you, mother," he said.

"It is no slight danger," he replied to the horseman. "I have been on the trail of a war party of Cherokees for three hours to-day. They are traveling north, along the Angelina. A mouse could not get through to-night. There are not less than fifty of them in the woods. I had no easy task to escape from them without being seen."

"And I'll bet my old hat, Phil, that where you couldn't pass a fly couldn't," said his father, with energy. "Jack, this is the boy you asked about."

"Do you remember me?" asked the hunter.

"Very well, Mr. Gray. I could not forget you," said the youth.

"You have grown out of my eyes, then," was the reply. "Did you see these Indians, or only their trail?"

"I saw a dozen of them rather too close for safety."

"And if he saw only a moccasin trend, Phil would tell you the tribe, like a book," said the partial father.

"I am not sure of that," said Phil, modestly. "But I know these are Cherokees, with some Creek warriors, and I know this gentleman and lady can't pass through till the woods are cleared."

A look of vexation passed across the lady's features.

"What do you think of this, Captain Wilson?" she asked her companion, in a low voice.

"The young man is evidently right," replied the captain. "It will never do for you to venture."

"But what is to be done?" she asked, impatiently. "There can be no delay."

"Let me go alone," he replied. "I may be able to push through and send an escort back for you."

"I doubt if you could go in much safety where this young man is afraid to venture."

"Not afraid, miss," said Phil, politely. "I might get through, for I am used to Indian ways; but you could not."

"Can you not guide us?"

"Not into certain capture."

"It is too bad, captain," she said, seriously. "Our errand is so important. And I should imagine we would be no safer here than going forward."

"You would be safe for to-night. We will have to desert our home to-morrow and take the back track. The red skins will scour this whole country."

Jack Gray, the hunter, had listened without a word to this conversation. He now spoke.

"If it is so important that you should go through," he said, "it might be done; though it is risky."

"How?" she asked, quickly.

"You will have to leave your horses. We might boat it up the river, and turn the flank of the savages. They will not be watching the stream."

"Thank you for the thought," she cried. "I should much prefer it. It is a beautiful river."

"Could you take us up, sir?" asked her less impulsive companion. "We will make it well worth your while."

The hunter turned towards his friend.

"Have you a good boat, Joe?" he asked.

"Yes; as neat and tight a skiff as you could want," was the reply.

They were interrupted by a fresh sound of horses' hoofs. A third animal broke from the shelter of the woods, and rapidly approached the party.

It was ridden by a girl of about eighteen, a fresh-faced, black-eyed damsel, on whose features anger and alarm were about equally mingled. She tugged desperately at the rein, until she had brought her horse to rest beside the others.

"I hope you enjoyed your ride, Laura," said her mistress, with a twinkle of the eye.

"It was too bad for you to run away from me," she replied, petulantly. "And that brute of a horse, I thought he'd really kill me. Suppose I'd been lost in the woods?"

"It would have been too bad," said the captain; "but, fortunately, there was only one path. It is well you escaped the Indians."

"Indians? Are there Indians?" Her voice was raised to a high pitch of alarm.

"Peaceful Indians, Laura," said her mistress, with a warning glance at the captain. "They wont trouble us."

"Help me down," said Laura to Phil, who stood looking at her with deeply-interested eyes. "This brute is frightful."

Phil, nothing loath, extended his arms, and staggered with the weight of the buxom lass who leaped from the saddle into his embrace.

"Now can you find me a glass of water?" she asked, walking towards the cabin, followed closely by the admiring youth.

"It will take two at the oars," said Jack Gray. "Will you go along, Joe? I think our rifles will carry us through any danger."

"Can't do it," said Joe, resolutely. "I've got work nearer home. You can have the boat, but I must move my wimmen folks and vallybles to a safer place than this."

"Why not take the young man?" asked the lady. "He seems well acquainted with Indian habits."

"If I must say it," said the proud father, "his equal ain't in the Republic of Texas. He knows Injuns like a book, and he's sartain death with the rifle. But I can't spare Phil, I want him to help me in the moving."

"We will pay him well for his services," said Captain Wilson.

"Pay's no account just now," replied Joe. "It's likely to be life or death."

Phil had returned, and stood looking with a wistful glance at his father.

"We will have to leave our horses," said the captain. "You can take them to help you in the moving. They will be more use than the boy. You can leave them for us at some town down stream."

"I would like to take a scout under Mr. Gray," said Phil.

"Well, I don't know," said Joe, reflectively, "but under these peculiar circumstances I might let the boy go. What do you say, mother?"

"I don't want him to go," spoke the steady voice of Mrs. Sawyer. "It's going to be a dangerous business. This young lady had best turn back. She don't know much about Indians on the warpath, or she would not be so venturesome."

The fair equestrienne listened with much interest to the words of the firm-speaking matron.

"I must go forward," she replied, in a serious tone. "Perhaps I do not fully appreciate the danger, but if there is a hope I must embrace it. It seems to me that two experienced hunters, like Mr. Gray and your son, could pass these savages with safety."

"So they could," replied Mrs. Sawyer. "But the plans they could take for themselves they couldn't take for you."

"No more of that, mother," said Joe. "They can make it by water, easy enough. You'll just frighten the lady. Won't you get off your horses and step into the house?" he asked, with an effort at politeness. "A bite of dinner wouldn't go bad with you."

"We have some reason to be hungry," said the captain, as he sprang from his horse and assisted his companion to alight.

"Look out for the horses, Phil," cried Joe. "Hunt them out something eatable, mother—there's Phil's deer. A venison steak wouldn't go astray with hungry people. I must look up the boat."

The travelers followed Mrs. Sawyer to the cabin, while Joe, accompanied by his friend, walked to the river side, and Phil proceeded deftly to remove the bridles from the horses, to tether them where the grass was less rank than over the general plain, and to provide them with water.

The boat lay in a sheltered cove of the river, a short distance above the house. It was canoe-shaped, but of more than double the size of an ordinary canoe. It was formed of thin split boards, bent round strong ribs, and seemed at once light and firm.

"That's my own make," said Joe, with a show of pride. "Looks as if you could put your foot through it, but you'll find them boards tough as iron."

"What's the distance by water?" asked the hunter, as Joe laid the oars in the boat and brushed some fallen leaves off its seat.

"About twenty-five miles," answered Joe. "It's against stream the whole way, and pretty speedy in some parts. You won't get there before noon to-morrow."

"Indeed we will. That is, if Phil has backbone for a sharp stretch."

"What Phil can't do nobody can't do," said Joe, confidently. "I say it, if he is my boy."

"I will try him," said Jack. "There will be a good moon to-night. I want to get near the mouth of the Nina by dark. We won't be disturbed on the Angelina; it is too wide for them. Nina creek is the dangerous place, and I want to run up that by moonlight."

"Good for you, Jack. There's sound sense in that. I know you and Phil will circumvent the 'tarnal redskins."

"Is the Nina navigable now? It used to be very low at this season."

"There's plenty of water there," said Phil, who had come up. "The rain last week filled it to the banks, and it's been running strong since."

The next hour was spent in needful preliminaries for their boat excursion. The hunters provided themselves with ammunition, and with provisions sufficient for a day's journey. An extra seat was placed across near the stern, and covered with a cushion, to make it more comfortable for the lady and her maid. Captain Wilson took his station at the bow. The scouts, each with a pair of long, flexible oars, were stationed amidships, their rifles laid at their feet.

In a moment the light boat shot from the shore, and out into the stream, followed by the hearty adieus of Joe Sawyer and his family.

"That girl's face is running through my head, mother," said Joe, as they turned away. "I've seen her before, or some of her kin, I'll bet a cow on that."

CHAPTER III.

UP THE ANGELINA.

It was now three o'clock. They had a long labor before them, which would need endurance quite as much as strength. A row of twenty or twenty-five miles against current was no light task, and the rowers bent to their oars with an ease that showed they were husbanding their strength.

The light, sharp-built boat, however, shot swiftly through the water at every sweep of the long blades, the green banks of the stream seeming to glide rapidly past them.

The scene was beautiful, and the lady passengers enjoyed it with all the zest of a fresh and impulsive nature.

The sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky, lending a brilliant lustre to the smooth surface of the stream, though a little too ardent for the comfort of the voyagers. The river flowed here with a broad sweep past banks on whose slopes grew the brilliant flowers of the prairie. Further back the green wall of woodland accompanied them, forming a massive border to the scene.

The forest receded on both sides as they advanced, until at length the river became bordered by open plains, varying from half a mile to a mile in width.

This whole space was covered with a close carpet of long prairie grass, to which the countless profusion of flowers lent a most attractive variety.

The exclamations of the lady were frequent, as each bend in the stream revealed some new scene of beauty. Her enthusiastic admiration affected all present—even the scouts, who were so well used to these scenes, suffering their eyes to wander with pleased glances over the landscape.

But in the mind of the old hunter there was a different thought, to which he deemed it best to give no expression. These broad open spaces were as useful as beautiful, in saving them from danger of a surprise by the savages, who might be lurking under the shade of the distant woodlands.

There was little reason to fear them yet, however. They would more likely be met somewhere in the vicinity of the town, towards which Phil had seen them moving.

The younger rower appeared to have the same idea. Not a trace of anxiety marked his face. He bent to his oars, keeping time with the long, even stroke of his companion, his eyes resting in frequent glances on the blooming face of Laura, to whom he seemed to be strongly attracted.

The sun sank lower and lower in the western sky, and miles of their watery journey lay behind them. Here and there the slow current of the river grew rapid, as the banks approached more nearly and the channel contracted.

In these places the rowers had to put in use the strength they were carefully reserving, their easy motion being exchanged for a vigorous, muscular force that made the stout ashen blades bend and quiver, and sent the boat in impulsive darts up the swift stream.

More generally, however, the current was sluggish, and their practised skill went far towards saving their strength.

"See," said the lady, pointing eagerly forward, "the forest is sweeping down to the river banks again. Look, Captain, at that magnificent spread of deep green foliage."

Captain Wilson looked round with pleasure upon the scene which had excited her enthusiasm.

"It is indeed beautiful," he said. "There is no more charming scenery than that of our Texan woods and prairies."

"Of ours?" she replied. "Are you not too hasty in laying claim to the Republic of Texas? It is not yet one of the stars in the flag of the United States."

"It will be before many years," said Jack Gray, as he lifted his oars for a moment, and looked forward at the scene which she had been admiring.

"You think it will?" asked the captain.

"I am sure of it. What chance has this little lamb of a Republic between its two strong and jealous neighbors? Mexico wants it back again, and has stirred up this Indian war—which is very likely to break out—so that it can step in for the spoils. But the freemen of Texas are sons of the United States, and they will yet throw themselves into the arms of the mother country for safety."

"I doubt that," said the lady, impulsively. "I am a Texan born, and my hopes are for the independence of my native land. It is the finest country the sun shines upon, and the sons of the Lone Star Republic are able to maintain what they so hardly won."

"I hope so," said Jack Gray, smiling at her patriotic fervor, and glancing round again at the screen of woods that touched the river banks at a short distance ahead.

A grave look was upon his face as he again bent to his oars.

His young associate remained impassive, rowing onward with a steady, unflagging stroke of which his slight form seemed incapable. But a practised eye could see the swell of powerful muscles under his tight-fitting sleeve, and a development of chest and shoulders that was partly hidden by the slender symmetry of his frame.

He had evidently much more strength and endurance than appeared on a first glance at his figure, and had been trained in a school that brings out all the latent powers of the frame.

Soon the sweeping woods were upon them. The forest encroached upon the immediate banks of the river, and hung its leafy branches far over the stream.

The water ran darkling and shadowy under the shade of the thronging oaks, maples, hickories, and numerous other varieties of forest trees, which raised their sturdy stems upon its borders, and flung their boughs far out over its waters.

The beauty of the open plains was exchanged for a new charm of the forest, and Laura—who seemed a favorite and partly-spoiled lady's maid—vied with her mistress in her exclamations of delight.

A serious look was upon the old hunter's face. His keen eyes roved along the edge of the woods as he rowed. Every leaf-opening, every vista between the thronging trunks, was searched by his quick glances. He seemed apprehensive of danger.

Captain Wilson observed this watchfulness on the part of the hunter, and easily divined its cause.

"I join with you, Miss Amberly," he said, as a tree covered with long Spanish moss had called forth renewed praise, "in your admiration. But excuse me for saying that Mr. Gray seems to disapprove of your open expressions of enjoyment."

"I am glad to find the lady so well pleased," replied the hunter. "But we are coming to a place now where maybe silence would be better. I don't quite like these close woods."

"Why did you not warn me sooner?" was her quick answer. "You did not imagine that I would be offended at being warned against danger? Certainly I will be silent."

"We must all be silent," said Phil, speaking in a low tone; "oars as well as voices. It's my notion that there are Indian ears not very deep in these woods."

Not a word more was spoken, though a slight exclamation broke from Laura's lips as she first realized the danger of their position. Miss Amberly gave no sign of fear, though a graver look came upon her face. She sat in silence, glancing from point to point of the sylvan borders of the river, as the gliding boat brought new features into view.

She and Laura alone sat looking forward. The others faced the rear end of the boat. The rowers moved their oars with caution, avoiding the dangerous rattling in the row-locks.

A mile was passed thus. The woods here grew thinner, and Miss Amberly could see that they receded from the river at some distance ahead, leaving an open plain, as before.

A slight start of their fair passenger attracted the quick eyes of the hunter. It was but momentary. She sat now looking steadily ahead.

"I wish you to use your eyes well, Mr. Gray," she said, in a low tone, "after we pass that great oak to the left. I caught a gleam, that seemed to me that of a human eye, though I may be mistaken. It was just at the edge of the oak. There is nothing visible now."

The hunter sat as impassive as if he had not heard her. But a quick glance was cast down at the rifle beside him, then his quick eyes fixed themselves on the leafy line of the woods.

In a minute they were opposite the tree of which she had spoken. He cast no glance toward it. Only when they had passed and it came within the direct line of his vision did he observe it.

It was a huge white oak, with rugged trunk, and roots lifting in great boles from the ground. Captain Wilson used his utmost powers of vision, but saw nothing save the innocent trunk, and its surrounding comrades.

"You must have been mistaken, Miss Amberly," he cautiously said.

The hunter kept silent for a minute longer, continuing to row with a leisurely movement.

"The lady was not mistaken," he then said. "It is worth something to us that there is open ground ahead. Let no one be alarmed," he continued, "and, above all, make no noise. We know not what danger is lurking before us."

"There was surely nothing there," said Captain Wilson, in the same guarded tone. "I have good eyes, but there was nothing visible."

"They might be good if you knew how to use them," answered the hunter. "You quit looking too soon. There was an Indian warrior, and in his war-paint, concealed behind that tree."

Silence fell upon them after these words, Miss Amberly placing her hand upon the wrist of her maid, to warn her against any show of alarm.

In five minutes more they shot from under the gloom of the forest, and into the clear sunlight, the banks receding, as before, until a plain of half a mile in width bordered the river.

The sun was now very low, and its rays shot in long slant lines over the shining stream.

"How far does this open space reach?" asked the hunter.

"Three or four miles," said Phil, "to the north of the Nina."

"Then we can breathe more freely," was the reply. "We have escaped that danger."

"Will not the savages follow us through the woods, and await us between here and the town?" asked Captain Wilson.

"I will try and put other ideas into their heads," said the old hunter. "We had better land about a mile below the mouth of the creek, eat our supper, and make preparations to spend the night. There will be a half hour's darkness before the moon rises. We can make use of this to take to the water again, and leave the red skins preparing to attack us in the night, at our resting place."

The plan seemed a good one, and they at once put it into execution. The twilight had quite faded out when they again cautiously entered the boat, and with muffled oars moved slowly up the stream. Phil sat looking forward, his eyes roving constantly over the dark bank as he moved his oars. His older associate sat as before.

It was very dark, and the gloom was increased by their keeping near the shore.

They had gone more than a mile up stream when the first faint glimmer of the rising moon fell upon the waters.

"Is the Nina near?" asked the hunter, anxiously.

"It is just ahead there, where the thicket comes down," said Phil.

In five minutes more they felt the current from the swiftly flowing creek, where it poured into the river. Short as the interval was the moonlight had already strengthened. The banks of the stream, even the stems of the bushes, were faintly visible.

The prow of the canoe was turned into the mouth of the narrow creek, and they began slowly to ascend. The banks here were lofty and wooded. The stream ran between them not twenty feet wide.

The younger scout peered anxiously into the gloom ahead, as he cautiously moved his oars.

"Hist!" he spoke, in a faint whisper, that only reached his companion's ears.

The latter suffered his oars to rest an instant, while the boat glided on from its previous impetus. The ears of one hunter, the eyes of the other, were fully engaged.

"Back water!" came in low, quick tones from Phil, as his own oars fell into the stream with a quick, powerful sweep.

The build of the canoe, being equally sharp at each end, helped this movement. The boat shot down stream, aided by the current, not an instant too soon, for a dark figure suddenly broke from the bank and plunged into the water, at the exact spot where the canoe had been a moment before.

At the same instant the terrifying yell of the savage aborigines broke upon the air. In seeming fear of the loss of their prey one of the savages had sprung in fierce impatience from the bank. The others broke into a wild chorus of yells, and a half dozen dusky figures leaped into view on the bank, clearly defined against the moon-lit eastern sky.

A cry of terror broke from Laura, as this fearful sight and sound met her senses, but her mistress sat motionless and silent. The dusky night hid the pallor of her cheek.

The boat shot rapidly into the larger stream, which was here of considerable width, with a small bushy island in its midst.

Several shots were sent after them by the disappointed savages, as they sank further into the gloom, but the bullets whistled harmlessly by.

In response Phil suddenly caught up his rifle, and with quick aim sent a leaden messenger into their midst.

A suppressed cry of pain followed, then all was silent, the figures of the savages disappearing, their yells utterly ceasing.

The next minute the prow of the boat struck the shores of the small island that here divide the current of the Angelina.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

OLD NANNY'S SISTER.

Mr. Lowe's conscience was not much trouble to him, as a rule; but either it pricked him now, or he felt indifferent as to any advances Milly might make towards a man who was well nigh certain to be executed, for when Milly informed him that she meant to go and see Herbert, if she could obtain permission, he gave a short expression of disapproval, but did not forbid the visit.

The next thing was to ascertain how this was to be managed. Milly went to consult old Nanny, fancying that she would know, and she told her to go to a magistrate, and ask for a pass.

"Only you'll have to say that you are a relation, or they won't let you in," she concluded.

Milly wrung her hands dolefully. "What must I do? Oh, Nanny, I wish I were ever so old—as old as you."

"Dear heart, why?" said old Nanny. "I don't expect you'd care to take my rheumatics, would you?"

"No; but I should like to take your name."

"Why?"

"Because it's no use my going to the magistrate, and saying I am Millicent Lowe. They'll know I'm no relation, and refuse me at once."

"But I'm no relation either."

"You were his foster-mother, and so, of course, you want to see him now he is in trouble."

"Very well, then, supposing you go in my place?"

"But they'll see directly I couldn't be that."

"I could dress you up in my clothes; and if you was to buy a gray wig, I could make a very respectable old woman of you, I am sure."

This notion pleased Milly; for she had been dreading going alone to the prison. She could not fail to notice that her youth and beauty attracted great attention, and rendered her conspicuous at all times. But in old Nanny's cloak and bonnet, with a bunch of white curls on each side of her face, and a pair of spectacles on her nose, Milly fancied that she might defy detection, and get through her trying ordeal successfully.

She wanted to give Herbert the comfort of seeing that he was not deserted—that she laughed to scorn the cruel scandal that would throw upon him the sin of Flax's murder.

But the case looked badly, both for Herbert and Nat. Joe Lay had sworn that he saw them commit the murder, and Flax had been found wrapped in a cloak of Herbert Benson's, which was not only recognized at once as belonging to him, but had actually his name on the collar. It was thought that Tommy Wilson, the idiot, might, if he could have spoken, have given strong evidence against the prisoners, although how this belief arose it was impossible to tell.

Mr. Carthen had declined to prosecute Herbert, and had distinctly and openly stated that he knew his wound to be the result of an accident, and was perfectly satisfied of his old playfellow's innocence. But the graver charge of murder Herbert must meet and disprove; and Mr. Carthen had no doubt, in his own mind, that it was utterly and entirely false.

Still, the public were not of his opinion. One accusation following so quickly on the other looked ill, and people laughed a little at Mr. Carthen's credulity in believing that the man who had killed Flax had not also meant to kill him.

Old Nanny went alone to get permission to visit Herbert Benson, and came home with the required order, which she immediately handed to Milly.

It was settled that Milly was to come in her own dress to old Nanny's cottage, change her things there, and drive at once to the jail in the cart which Milly would order herself to be at old Nanny's door, in readiness quite by two o'clock. On the day appointed, Milly started for old Nanny's cottage quite by twelve o'clock, telling the servant to inform Mr. Lowe, when he came back from the farm, that she should not be home until evening.

Milly walked fast; for although it was so early, she had a nervous, excited feeling that she should be too late, unless she hurried; when, to her great distress, she saw Lord Oakland coming to meet her. She would have turned back at any other time, for Wilfred's face showed him determined; but now it was impossible. She could not rest at home, even for a minute, in her disturbed state; and there was no other road leading to old Nanny's cottage but the one on which Lord Oakland was coming.

So Milly, driven into a corner, took her courage in both hands, and advanced steadily, her sweet lips closed with a firm fold, which expressed resolution and the least degree of disdain.

Wilfred was not over pleased with his reception; but Lady Clementina's evil councils were in his ears still, urging him on, telling him that a simple girl, like Milly Lowe, would never resist a viscount, though she might play the coquette for awhile.

Poor Milly! she, of course, was to be sacrificed remorselessly to Lady Clementina's pleasant little scheme of vengeance, just as Lina was to be sacrificed to her mad passion for Mr. Carthen. But these kind of women use the human tools they need for the success of their plans as if they were made of iron or steel, and had no hearts to break, and no souls to destroy.

When Wilfred got up to Milly, he held out his hand, with an insinuating smile; but refusing to notice this, she curtseyed profoundly.

"Will your lordship allow me to pass; I am in a great hurry?"

"Nay," he said, and laughed; "I have come here on purpose to see you, and I don't mean to be put off in that way. For days, now, I have waited about the lane, hoping to see you; but you have lived as secluded as a nun, I fancy, for I have not even caught a glimpse of your face."

"You mean to be civil and flattering, my lord, I dare say; but, as I told you before, country girls are accustomed to plain speech, and prefer it."

At this blow, Wilfred paled somewhat.

"You are too harsh," he said, plaintively. "We are taught from our cradles to believe ourselves infallible; and you must acknowledge that people, as a rule, make a good deal of a lord, even if he happens to be a great scamp at the same time."

"More fools they!" exclaimed Milly, sharply, for her excitement was getting intolerable at this delay, and she felt as if every minute she must dash past him, let him think what he would.

But Lord Oakland guessed, perhaps, by her face, that she might be urged into such an act as this, unless he were careful; for he planted himself right in the middle of the narrow lane, with his arms so much extended that Milly would have had hard work to pass on either side.

"I am glad to feel that I cannot be confounded in that category," he said, with a suave smile.

Driven to desperation, Milly forgot her politeness—forgot the difference of their rank, and said, bitterly, "But you are very cruel, which is worse. You see I am in an agony to get away, and yet you keep me here."

"Tell me where you want to go, and why, and I may, perhaps, let you off."

"I have an appointment with old Nanny, at one o'clock."

He took out his watch.

"It is just a quarter past twelve, so you have plenty of time; and, even if you had been a little after your time, old Nanny is very obliging, and half-a-crown would have set it all right."

"You are the most disagreeable, tiresome person I ever saw," said Milly, beginning to cry with vexation. "I was told not to talk to you, and I won't."

"Who said you were not to talk to me?"

"That is my affair."

"If it was Herbert Benson, I think you can afford to reject the councils of a man who has committed one murder, and tried to commit a second!"

"That is false!" said Milly, with flashing eyes. "Herbert Benson is quite as innocent as you, and perhaps, more so. He certainly wounded Mr. Carthen, by accident; but you are plotting and planning the destruction of a fellow creature at this very moment."

"I am?"

"Yes, you!"

"Do be good enough to tell me how?"

She rose to her full height, her cheeks red with shame.

"You are trying to entangle me by your wiles, my lord, because you fancy that I am too simple to see the net laid for my feet. But without a single word of warning, I should have been safe, for it has always been my principle to listen to no one whose words of love were not meant to end in marriage."

"How do you know that mine would not?"

"Because, my lord, it is impossible they should. Even if I had a mind to be their daughter, do you think that Lord and Lady Dacre would accept me as such? Besides, what chance of happiness should I have in a position, where every living creature I met would look upon me as an intruder? Besides—I may as well tell you at once—that I love one man, and shall love him until the end of time."

"Not Herbert Benson, then; because you would be ashamed to confess it."

"Ashamed to confess that I love him, because he is unfortunate and sorrowful? Nay, I glory in it, and should hate and despise myself, indeed, if I would desert him now."

"Do you forget that he *is* a murderer?"

"I never *knew* it!"

"Yet, as sure as you stand there, it will be proven against him," he said, looking at her brilliant, flashing, beautiful face with tender admiration.

"That will make no difference to me," Milly answered, in the same brave voice; "I shall love him always, to the very end, just the same. And I will be true to him as long as I live—in word and deed, and in name!"

She spoke quickly, but with such earnestness as no one could doubt, if he tried. Lord Oakland knew then that his cause was lost; but he waited yet a minute, fascinated by her beauty, to hear her add:

"And now, my lord, I have told you the truth plainly, because I find that you are compromising me with my neighbors, by continually lingering about our house. If any one was to carry this news to Herbert Benson, it would break his heart, and he has sorrow enough already without my adding to it."

"Herbert Benson is nothing to you," Lord Oakland ventured to say.

"Nothing but a dearly beloved friend and brother," she answered, sighingly; "and yet, dearer to me than all the world beside."

"Anyhow," said Lord Oakland, gravely, "I advise you not to express your sympathy for Herbert Benson so loudly. It rather shocks one to hear a young person proclaim herself the dearly beloved friend of a murderer."

"Surely you might wait until he is convicted, my lord, before you judge him," said Milly, looking at him. "I trust him always."

Lord Oakland was subjugated at last. He held out his hand with a melancholy, imploring smile.

"Miss Lowe," he said, "forgive me. I have been badly advised, but I know now how wrong I have been. I can promise faithfully never to persecute you again; and, moreover, if there is anything I can do to serve you, you may always come to me."

"My lord," said Milly, not to be outdone in generosity, "I am sorry I spoke so harshly; I hope you will forgive me."

"I deserved everything, Miss Lowe, and you have been more patient than I could have expected. Adieu! I am going abroad for awhile, and it may be a long while before we meet again. I wish I dared hope you would think of me with kindness."

Milly gave him her hand frankly.

"Good-bye, my lord," she said, with a shadowed smile. "I fear there will be terrible changes in Lansdown before you see it again."

He would fain have detained the little, unquiet hand in both of his, but she drew it away and hurried past him towards old Nanny's cottage, into which she disappeared.

Lord Oakland stood and watched the house, a thousand conflicting feelings agitating his breast. His first instinct had been to respect the girl's noble honesty, and leave her in peace; but, as he stood there, undecided, Lady Clementina's evil words came back to his mind:

"The girl is a coquette, evidently, and pretends to be a prude, in order to draw you into a promise of marriage. Therefore, don't take her "No" as meaning anything, but persevere."

"Pshaw!" thought Wilfred; "she is laughing at me now in her sleeve for being so easily discouraged, and, no doubt, peeping behind the blind, to see if I am waiting. Of course, she would rather I married her; and, in good truth, the girl is so curiously sweet and shy, that, only for the world, I would make her Lady Oakland to-morrow. Anyway, it shan't be said that a few harsh words from such lovely lips frightened me away."

So Wilfred stood his ground. He meant to watch for Milly's return, and waylay her again if circumstances seemed propitious. He got a little into the wood, where he could see any one leaving the cottage, and not be seen himself; and from his coign of vantage kept a steady eye on old Nanny's door.

Presently it opened, and Nanny herself came out. She had on her best poke bonnet and a voluminous kind of black cloak with two capes; and he just caught the glimmer of her spectacles in the sun as she crossed the threshold and went limping down the lane.

"Milly won't stop long now," thought his lordship. "It can't be very amusing in there with no one to talk to."

But an hour passed. Old Nanny's door remained hermetically sealed. Wilfred's patience was at an end. He emerged from his hiding-place, went to the cottage, and knocked loudly.

A cracked voice, raised to a high treble pitch, bade him enter. One glance round the room showed old Nanny cowering over the fire, with her thin hands extended towards the warm blaze, and her eyes twinkling a little mischievously as she looked at the young lord.

"What may your lordship please to want?"

Wilfred was so bewildered by the vision of another Nanny besides the one he had seen go out that he was actually candid, for want of time and wit to dissimulate.

"I thought I saw Miss Lowe come in here."

"Was your lordship wanting her?"

Old Nanny's eyes twinkled more than ever as she put this question, and Wilfred had an uncomfortable kind of feeling that she was laughing at him in her sleeve.

"Well, not exactly," he stammered; "but I should like to have spoken a word with her if she had been here."

"She's been gone this hour or more."

"Oh, indeed; I never saw her go out."

Old Nanny relieved herself by a little chuckle, and then looked up into Wilfred's face as grave as a judge.

"You seed my sister, though, I dare say."

"I thought it was you."

"Oh, dear!"

"What are you laughing at?" inquired Wilfred, sternly, for it was not very pleasant to his pride to find himself the butt of an old woman like Nanny.

"I was laughing at the likeness, my lord, and no offence," replied she, wiping her eyes with a red cotton handkerchief. "We might be twins, you know, and she's got the rheumatics in her hip-joint, just the same as me. Oh, dear!"

But the sight of a crown-piece in Wilfred's hand stayed her laughter. Old Nanny liked money, and it struck her that the crown-piece would get back into his lordship's pocket unless she was careful. So she smoothed her face and began to apologize.

"You'll excuse my bad manners, my lord, but it did tickle me so, and folks don't laugh easy at my years; but when they once begin, there's no stopping them. I've no doubt Miss Milly's got home by this time; but if there's a message, or anything of that kind, as I can give her, maybe I shall see her again to-morrow, and I'll be sure and make it all right."

"No; never mind," Wilfred said; "I may meet her again some day."

And Wilfred tossed the crown-piece into her lap, and went out, shutting the door after him with a bang that shook old Nanny in her chair, and made her opine that his lordship was not in the best humor in the world.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A VISIT TO DAWFORD GAOL.

When Milly saw Lord Oakland hide himself in the wood, she suspected that he meant to watch her, and trembled with vexation and eagerness. It was barely possible that he might betray her out of malice, for the mere fact of his remaining showed that his protestations of penitence were not to be relied on at all.

But old Nanny comforted her.

"You needn't be afraid, Miss Milly," she said; "he's sure to take it for me; and if you can cheat him, you know, it will make you go off more satisfied, because you'll know then that you are all safe with the folks. Only you must mind and copy my limp as you go down the lane."

Then Milly proceeded to dress herself. She brought the white wig as much over her forehead as possible, and old Nanny tied the strings of her poke bonnet in such a way that the little rounded, dimpled chin, which must inevitably have betrayed Milly's youth to an acute observer, was concealed from sight.

"They'll be sure to search you," old Nanny said, "to see if you are taking arsenic or anything forbidden to the prisoner; so you'd better screw up your own hair, and put one of my black caps underneath your bonnet. If they don't find anything suspicious in your pocket or hand, they mayn't be too particular. One of the wardens knows me by name, and he'll be sure to ask after my lad what's in Ameriky. Mind, if he does, you are to say that John's doing well, and hopes to come home with a fortune before he's done."

"Very well, and now shall I do?"

Milly limped across the kitchen just as Nanny was wont to do, and the old woman nodded approvingly.

"Only be sure and don't get down too swift out of the cart at the prison door. You'll be so eager!"

"I'll make the man help me."

"That's right; and give my love to Master Herbert; and tell him I don't believe nothing of their wicked lies, and what's more, don't mean to."

And then Milly started.

She watched Lord Oakland's hiding-place over her spectacles as she issued forth, but it was clear he suspected nothing, for he did not move. The cart was waiting for her at the end of the lane, driven by a nephew of old Nanny's. Of course, it would have been impossible to keep up the deception with him, and he had been let into the secret, and pronounced the disguise as complete as could be desired.

Lord Oakland's interruption had caused some delay, and the horse was slow, so that it was just on the stroke of three when they got to the prison gate; and Milly, mindful of her role, was helped out of the cart, protesting shrilly to the friendly warden, who knew old Nanny's son, that her "rheumatics was so bad, she'd almost a mind not to have come."

"You'll find the prisoner very calm," said Lardner. "I never seed any one to take it so cool before. And I will say he's as civil a young man as ever I wish to speak to."

"That's because he isn't guilty," piped the pretended Nanny; "he hasn't got nothing on his conscience."

"He'll get hanged, however," answered Lardner, decisively. "I never knew any one to get off with such evidence as that against him."

Poor Milly checked the wild sob that rose to her white lips. This rough truth seemed to make her realize the end as she had never realized it yet, and made her heart sink within her.

"He ought to be got out somehow."

"Come, old lady, if you mean that for tempting, it won't do. I've got a good place, and I mean to keep it. I don't say but what I feel for the prisoner, and would do him a good turn within the regulations, if I could; but as for helping him to escape, that's what I wouldn't meddle with for a thousand pound."

"I didn't mean that, of course," Milly hastened to add, for she saw now that Lardner was suspicious, and would keep a keen eye on her as she went out. She had never thought of exchanging dresses with Herbert; in the first place, because she knew he would never consent to such a thing, and in the second, because the difference in their height was so great that it could not fail to be detected; and if she had a dim hope that Lardner might be tempted to help his escape, the hope was dissipated by his few decided words.

She did not say another word until they got to Herbert's cell, which was at the extreme end of the long corridor. Then she simply said "Thank you," in a quaking, quavering voice it was not necessary to assume, and passed in.

Herbert was seated at the table with a book open before him, which she saw at once was a Bible; but he looked up with a pleasant, grateful expression as she came in.

"Dear old Nanny, this is very good of you."

Poor Milly, completely overcome at the sight of him, burst into tears.

Herbert took her hand kindly, and placed her in his chair—the only one there was.

"You mustn't distress yourself, Nanny," he said; "this is God's will, and meant for my good."

"Herbert!"

He looked at her steadily for a moment as she pushed back the bonnet and showed her own little dainty chin and soft, white cheeks.

"Milly, it cannot be you."

She almost fancied that his voice expressed regret, although his eyes were full of joy and gratitude; and she hastened to say:

"I have come to see my brother."

He seized both her hands then, and pressed them almost convulsively in his.

"You good, noble, brave creature, to come to me here! You true woman! I cannot thank you——"

"Why should you try to thank me?" answered Milly, gently. "After all, I came for my own pleasure."

"I am sure you thought of me, too."

"I wanted you to know that I trusted you all through."

"Dear Milly, I never doubted that for a single second. All the world might believe this thing of me, but not Millicent Lowe."

"Surely they dare not convict you?"

Herbert shook his head.

"I believe there is no chance for me. I am told so by my lawyer, who feels sorry, I think, that he has undertaken a case which will be sure to fail. He wanted me to plead temporary insanity, as a last resource."

"Which would be confessing that you did it!"

"He will not be persuaded that I did not; and he thinks that I might as well acknowledge it to him, at any rate."

"But it is so very hard."

"I know that, Milly. Sometimes I have felt as if I could dash my head against the walls of my prison, and beat the life out of me; for the long days and nights here are torture indeed. Still, God pities my despair, and will send me relief."

"Do you know, Herbert, I have a feeling that you will escape after all?"

"I dare not dream of such a thing, Milly. For myself, I am resigned; but it seems to me a sorrowful thing that Nat Greyborne should share my evil fate. I believe him to be as innocent of this crime as the child unborn."

"Herbert!"

"Yes, Milly?"

"Will you answer me one question?"

"If I can."

"Did you join the poachers intentionally that night?"

"Have I not told you what my inducement was?"

"Herbert, I dare not believe that you ran so much risk for the sake of curing me. If I could think that, it would break my heart downright."

"Then don't think of it, Milly. Try and be happy; try and forget me, and all the sad history of these sad days. The only service you can render me now, is to let me feel, at the last, that I have not poisoned your whole future life."

Poor Milly was weeping unrestrainedly by this time, with her head clasped in her hands.

"How can I say that? It would be useless to promise what I know I could not perform."

"Time is a great magician," said Herbert, gently. "I shall pray for you and my father, Milly, every hour left me to live."

A quick blaze of passion burnt up the tears in Milly's brown eyes.

"Oh!" she said; "how can I go back to my father, and give him a daughter's affection and care, after all he has done?"

"No, Milly; forgive him, even as I forgive him."

Assuredly Herbert's troubles had softened his very nature. He had never thought to be able to assert truthfully that he forgave Mr. Lowe. His anger had been a just anger, heaven knows; for no man had been more cruelly wronged by another than Herbert Benson by Mr. Lowe.

Milly roused herself, shuddering and weeping.

"Oh, my dearest, my own, I cannot part with you!" she sobbed. "What will life be worth, after you are gone?"

"It will seem a heavy burden, at first, Milly—it cannot be otherwise, I know; but these great griefs grow pale and shadowy in time, believe me, and only sting, at last, when a rough word stirs them. And, after all, you are so young!"

"Too young!" she sighed.

"Why, Milly?"

"Because I have all the longer to wait."

He could not resist this. He caught her up to him, with sudden tenderness, and pressed a kiss on her brow.

"Oh, Milly!" he said, in a tone of passionate regret; "there are times when to be faithful is the greatest misfortune under the sun."

She lifted up her brave face from his shoulder, smiling.

"I shall never think that, Herbert. You do not know how I should hate myself, if I did not love you better now than ever I loved you before."

A shadow passed over Herbert's compressed lips, and he loosened his hold of her suddenly, speaking with effort as well as with emphasis.

"My dear sister, you must not love me like this."

"Now I may."

"Not even now!"

"Ah, why are you so cruel, again?"

"I am not cruel, Milly—I am merciful. Ask your father to tell you the whole truth, when I am gone, and then you will see that I have spared you all I could."

"I do not want to be spared, Herbert. I would rather suffer what you suffer."

"Heaven forbid, Milly!"

At this minute they heard the turnkey come along the corridor, rattling his keys.

"Must I go?" sighed Milly; "already?"

"I fear so; but you will come again. This visit has been a great comfort and pleasure to me, Milly."

"I will come as Milly Lowe next time, if they will let me."

"Nay; that will compromise you too much."

She laughed nervously.

"You will die a martyr, not a murderer, and I shall have every reason to be proud of having claimed and held my place as your friend."

"I shall never be recognized as a martyr, Milly, unless the real murderer were to confess."

"And he will!"

Milly's faith was the faith of a child. She believed that all would come right somehow, except in terrible moments when the sting of anticipation pierced her like a sword. At others, she would picture Herbert released, and open her ears (in imagination) to the plaudits of the swaying crowd, who had come to do him honor.

She did not see another crowd—the mob of rough men and shrieking women, whom old Mark had seen so often in his dreams; the crowd whose faces were upturned to a horrible sight—the sight of a human creature perishing on the scaffold to avenge the outraged law.

Well it was that Milly could only realize the present. That was mournful enough.

The warden passed; the hour had not yet struck, and he was giving them the last second's grace.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

The last few minutes which Milly had with Herbert Benson, prior to the return of the warden, were painful in the extreme; but she bore up with a brave heart, being certain, in her own mind, that the dreadful charge against him to whom she was so devoted would not be sustained.

She resumed her disguise, assisted by Herbert, with all care, and succeeded in reaching the outer walls of the prison without being recognized otherwise than as old Nanny. On proceeding up the street, however, old Nanny herself, in *propria persona*, came hobbling towards Milly, the cart behind her.

"Oh, Miss Milly!" she said, sharply. "Get up, quick; you're wanted this minute at home."

"Nanny, what is it?"

"Folks do stare so!" said Nanny, excitedly. "Let us get off, and I'll tell you the whole truth as we ride along."

"Now, Nanny," said Milly, when they got out of the town, where the vision of two old women so exactly alike, so curiously copied, as it were, caused a good deal of attention, "what have you to tell me?"

Milly said this without even a tremor. She fancied that nothing worse had happened than that her father had discovered her absence, guessed its cause, and displayed his usual violence. But having warned him of her intention, Milly felt justified in her own sight, and was inclined to make light of Nanny's trepidation. The only thing that puzzled her was Nanny's reluctance to explain, which was by no means usual with her, being fond of a gossip.

"You are sure you can bear my news?"

"Why, of course," said Milly, rather impatiently.

"Your father is very ill!"

"Ill?"

Milly looked anxiously at Nanny then.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He had an accident."

"Go on."

"He was thrown from his horse, coming from market."

"And was he very much hurt?"

"Dr. Robinson thinks very badly."

"Drive quickly, Butler!" exclaimed Milly, in an excited tone; "perhaps he is asking for me now."

Butler whipped up the horse, and did his best to make the tired animal conscious of the fact that great interests depended on its speed. But Firefly was old and lazy, and was not to be persuaded. Poor Milly sat, nervous, agitated, over-wrought, full of vague fears, with Herbert's face and her father's rising in confused rivalry before her mind's eye—a terrible feeling of coming misfortune weighing her down. She was thankful when she came in sight of the tall cedars that marked the spot where her home stood, and Butler gave the mare to understand that she might stop.

Milly sprang out, and rushed indoors.

"Where is papa?" she said to the maid, who came running to the door, with a scared face.

"He is in his own room."

"Any one with him?"

"Only the doctor."

Ann looked after her young mistress with a puzzled air. Though the poke-bonnet was thrown back, and her face exposed, so that Ann could not fail to recognize her, she still presented rather an odd figure. Milly had forgotten all about her disguise; but it was suddenly recalled to her mind by Mr. Lowe's cry of disappointment as she entered the room.

"I thought it was Milly, Nanny; you promised me to bring her here."

"Papa, it is I."

"Not Milly!" he said, incredulously.

Milly threw off her disguise, and stooped her eager, white face to meet her father's kiss.

"Where have you been, my child?" inquired Mr. Lowe, more gently than he had ever spoken in all his life before.

"I have been to see Herbert Benson in prison."

At this brave, candid answer, Mr. Lowe's face changed visibly. A dark cloud passed over his eyes; but the cloud was one of pain and sorrow, not anger.

"You are right, he said, gravely; "for I believe him to be innocent of this murder."

Milly started in astonishment. She could not understand how this great change had been wrought in one hitherto so implacable. If she had heard the brief dialogue between doctor and patient, which had taken place just before her arrival, she might have been less surprised.

"Doctor," said Mr. Lowe, "I want to know the exact truth. Shall I die?"

"I fear so, Mr. Lowe."

"How many hours have I to live?"

"You said I was to tell you the truth?"

With all Mr. Lowe's faults he was a brave man.

"Yes," he answered, solemnly. "I am ready to bear whatever you have to tell me."

"Then, Mr. Lowe, you must not count upon seeing another sunrise."

"You think I shall die in the night?"

"I fear so."

"Very well, then, I must see my daughter at once."

"Where is she to be found?"

"I don't quite know; but if you will send some one to old Nanny's cottage, she may be able to fetch her for us."

Dr. Robinson did as he was bidden; but Mary, the maid, was obtuse, evidently, for instead of coming back directly, she allowed the other to hobble off in search of Milly, when, by getting the carriage ready, she might have been brought home in half the time.

But Mr. Lowe was alive and sensible, and only too thankful to see his daughter to make any complaint.

He put his arms about her tenderly, and his eyes, dim now in the shadow of coming death, looked at her with a love that seemed like a new revelation to Milly—a revelation that had shown itself eighteen years too late.

"My dear Milly," he said, "I have been a harsh father to you all along, but you must try and think of me with kindness."

Was there ever woman yet that could resist such penitent words as these? Milly's heart melted within her, and all her wrongs were forgotten in that minute, as if they had never been.

"Dear papa," she answered, softly, "I am sure you meant to do what was right."

"No, Milly, I dare not think that. I was ambitious, and I fancied that with your beauty, you might make a grand match, if only Herbert Benson could be disposed of. On this account, and this only, I opposed your marriage."

The doctor had quitted the room, leaving the father and daughter alone, so they could both venture to speak freely. There was a brief silence; Milly was struggling with her feelings—struggling to find voice to her most eager question.

"Dear papa, then there never was any such barrier between us as Herbert thought?"

"No; that was pure invention on my part, I grieve to say. I found him determined to persevere, and this gave me the idea of inventing an obstacle of this kind which he would not dare overlook."

"Papa, may I ask what this obstacle was?"

Mr. Lowe's voice was thick with shame and self-reproach.

"I told him that you were his sister."

Every drop of blood seemed to recede from Milly's cheeks and lips as she heard this confession, the horror of which had driven Herbert Benson to sin. No wonder that he should not have dared tell her; no wonder that her innocent caresses had made him shudder at the past, and tremble for the future.

She understood it all now, and exonerated him, nay, lauded him for his virtuous reticence, his noble self-sacrifice, as he had believed she would do when she knew all.

But Mr. Lowe was waiting for her next words, almost as a criminal might await the sentence of the judge. He evidently thought that, at this confession, his daughter must needs shrink from him with loathing. But Milly was tender and pitiful; she forgave him readily, although she could not help saying:

"Father, it was terrible to tell him that. It not only made my love as poison in his eyes, but it stained the name of his mother, and made him doubt her dead, as much as he feared me living."

"Milly, you cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself. I have had no happiness since I told him that falsehood; and I believe—so truly do our evil deeds find us out—that it was the cause of my accident."

"How?"

"I was riding slowly along, when, all of a sudden, the thought came into my head of what I had told Herbert Benson. With a kind of irritation, born of self-reproach, I touched the horse with my whip, and he plunged forward and fell, flinging me violently against the stones. I lay there for an hour, in such agony as I can hardly describe, and then Mr. Benson came by in his cart. He had a man with him, fortunately, and the two helped me. I was insensible when we got here, but, thank heaven, my intellect is clear now."

"Where are you hurt, dear papa?"

"Dr. Robinson says my wounds are internal, and also incurable, so that you must prepare yourself for the parting that is to come."

"Not yet, dear papa," she sobbed; "I cannot spare you yet."

"Alas! my love, you are not the only orphan in this great, cold world. And my little Milly will not be poor, as some of them are. I have left you enough to make you comfortable for the rest of your days. And now, Milly, bring me pen, ink, and paper. I feel that I ought to give Herbert Benson a written acknowledgement of the entire falsehood of the assertion that I made. As my last living act, signed with my name, and written with the full consciousness that I am at the point of death, he could not doubt its truth."

Truly Mr. Lowe was altered, indeed. His hand shook terribly, and the drops of cold dew hung thick on his brow. It was plain to see that the slight movement of his arm roused many a cruel pang, but he persevered.

With a last effort he signed his name, and then he fell back exhausted. Milly ran for Dr. Robinson, who, although feeling that no earthly aid could avail now, came, however, at her terrified summons.

"He is insensible," he said; "and whilst he is like this, he feels no pain. Be thankful for that, Miss Lowe, for when he is conscious, he must suffer intensely."

"Will he know me again, do you think?"

"Just at the last he may rally a little—just as the candle, expiring in its socket, flames up with sudden brightness before it is extinguished forever. But it will only be for a minute, at most."

"Then I shall know that he is going by this sign?"

"Yes; he will pass quietly away undisturbed by sobs and cries. You are brave, I can see, Miss Lowe, and will keep your tears for a more convenient season."

"Yes," she said, stilling them now. "I will."

"I can do no more than I have done, and I am wanted where my services may save life. You will not mind if I leave?"

"Oh, no."

"Don't you think if you were to send for old Nanny, it would be as well? She has seen a good deal of death and trouble, and she might be a comfort to you at such a time as this."

Milly welcomed this suggestion gratefully.

But even at such a time as this she could think of others. Remembering that old Nanny had walked a good way already, and must be tired, she ordered the carriage to be sent for her.

The early twilight gathered softly, and still Mr. Lowe neither moved nor stirred. Milly stole from his bedside to the window, noiselessly, and looked out.

It was a strange sight that met her view, and the mystery of which, magnified by her own agitated state of mind, made her utter a low cry of dismay. Milly's eyes were turned towards Lansdown Point, which her window exactly faced, and suddenly she saw a tongue of flame rise out of the dense darkness, and rush quivering upwards. Presently it began to spread, and, whilst she wondered, with a kind of terror, a strange figure darted in front of the fire, before which it seemed to prostrate itself, and then leaped and danced like some demon, with an ecstacy of wild joy and delight. The scene was so odd altogether, and so inexplicable, that Milly felt herself seized with shuddering, hysterical fear, and drew old Nanny, speechless, to the window.

"Well," said old Nanny, with a face that was anything but reassuring, "I was seventy my last birthday, and I never saw such a sight as that before!"

"What is it?" asked Milly, in an awed whisper.

"I'm loth to say, Miss Milly; but I've got my notions. It isn't anything human."

"You must tell me what it is."

"You won't be scared?"

Milly shook her head.

"Well, then, Miss Milly, I've heard say that when a spirit is passing, the devil, who is always going about like a lion, seeking whom he may devour, comes prowling near the house, in hopes of prey; and—and—don't look so terrified, dear Miss Milly!"

"It is too dreadful—too awful, only that God is so good, Nanny."

"Ah! we can't trust Him too much."

Milly drew down the window-blind, with a very resolute face.

"And I will try to trust, too. While there is life there is hope."

"Ah! Miss Milly, you mustn't think that now. It is better to get ready for the parting that must come so soon."

"Look! he sleeps."

"All his senses are numbed, Miss Milly; and that is mercy again. Most of us pass away like this, without fear, because we don't understand what is coming, and because strength is given us even for such times."

"I only pray that he may know me."

Milly stooped. Her lips touched the damp, cold hand, which lay outside the coverlit. Life was still there—that pale, chill life which is almost death. Milly's kiss, so soft and reverential, and moistened by a tear, seemed to recall it for one second.

Mr. Lowe opened wide his eyes full upon her.

"Milly!"

"My darling!"

How sweetly her loving lips spoke those words—so sweetly, that he knew everything was forgiven him, and smiled.

"Pray for me!"

She could think of nothing but the beautiful, familiar prayer she had learned to lisp in her childhood.

"Amen!" echoed the dying man, ever so faintly.

And, in one long, sighing breath, his soul passed away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO GOOD-NIGHTS.

BY EMMA E. EMMFORD.

She stood beneath the stars of June;
I held her slender hand in mine;
She sang a little tender tune,
That made the stillness half divine.

We said good-night beside the gate;
I kissed her cheek, and she was gone—
To come not back, though I should wait
Until the morning's rosy dawn.

Another time we said good-night;
She whispered as I kissed her brow,
"Good-night to you, but oh, to me
The angels say good-morning now."

And then beyond the sunset gate
That bars the portals of the West,
She passed, and I was left to wait
What time our Father deemeth best.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY D. G. PARKER.

I am a doctor. I live in one of the most crowded localities of one of our larger cities.

I am not ashamed to say that I live there, because I find it a better place for a young physician's practice than the more fashionable streets.

The word doctor is a talisman for poor folks. They do not wait to ask—

"What reputation has he?"

Besides poor people are oftener ill; oftener break their limbs, and have more sick children at a time than those who are better off.

I had been in my present place two years, and had never had a patient from the more aristocratic circles, when one night, about half-past eleven I was startled by a violent ring at my bell, and having just composed myself for a nap, after a hard day's work, I can't say the summons was agreeable.

However, I ran to my window at once, and thrusting my head out into the rain, cried:

"Who is there?"

A voice answered:

"Only I, doctor. It's an urgent case. Please come down to the door."

That a lady spoke I felt sure—a lady of education and refinement.

I hurried downstairs and opened the door.

There stood, in the full light of the hall lamp, an elderly lady dressed in mourning. Her face, though wrinkled, was very fine in feature. Her hair was arranged in elegant puffs under a handsome bonnet.

She put out the smallest of hands in a fine black kid glove, and cried piteously:

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then come with me," said she. "Don't delay. It's life or death. Come."

I hurried on my overcoat, caught up my umbrella, and offering my arm to the old lady, walked down the street with her.

"You must be my guide, madam," I said. "I do not know where you live."

She instantly gave me a street and number that surprised me still more.

It was a most aristocratic quarter.

"Who is ill, madam?" I inquired; "a grown person or a child?"

"A young lady—my daughter," she said.

"Suddenly?"

"Yes, suddenly," she answered. "Cure her, and I'll make you rich; cure her, and I'll give you anything you ask. I don't care for money. I'm wealthy. Cure her, and I'll shower gold on you."

"You are excited, madam," I said. "Pray be calm."

"Calm!" she said; "calm. But you don't know a mother's heart."

We had reached the street she had indicated, and were at the door of one of its finest mansions.

The old lady ascended the steps, and opened the door with a latch-key.

A low light burnt in the hall; another in the parlor, the furniture of which was draped and shrouded in white linen.

"Wait here, sir, if you please," she said, as she led me in. "I'll see if my daughter is prepared for your visit."

And with a sweeping courtesy she glided away, and I heard her garments rustle up the stairs in a ghostly sort of fashion.

I waited what I thought a most unreasonable time in that gloomy parlor.

I began even to grow a little nervous, and to wonder what it all meant, when a step, very different from the old lady's, was heard upon the stairs, and a stout, short, red-faced woman bustled in.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, in a singular tone, such as one who had committed a speech to memory might use; "but, my lady, the lady who brought you here, is very nervous, and was needlessly alarmed. She begs your acceptance of the customary fee, and there is no need of your services."

Thus speaking, she handed me the money, curtsied, and opened the door for me.

I bowed, expressed my pleasure that the patient was better, and departed.

It was a queer sort of adventure, but rather amusing than otherwise; besides, I had my fee. I went home and slept soundly.

I arose early next morning, and made a visit before breakfast. Returning, to my astonishment, I found sitting in my office the lady of the night before. She arose as I entered.

"What must you think of me," she said. "But no matter. My daughter is very dear to me, and I have heard of your skill. She is worse again. Can you call some time to-day, as early as possible, at my house?"

"I will be there in an hour," I said.

The old lady took out her purse.

"In my day the doctor received his fee on the spot. Will you receive it now?"

I did not know what to say, but she laid the money on the table and departed. I ate my breakfast, and made my way to the old lady's house. I rang the bell. the door was opened by the stout female who had dismissed me the night before.

"The doctor," I said, by way of explanation.

"Ha!" she said. "Has missus called you in again?"

"Yes," I answered.

"There's no need, I assure you, sir," she said. "I can't really ask you in. There's no one ill here. It's a whim of hers. I'm a better judge of illness than she. No need of a doctor."

"But since the lady called me in, I must see the patient," I said.

"Beg your pardon, I've orders to admit no one," she answered, and shut the door softly in my face.

I left the house, of course, partly in dudgeon, partly in amazement.

Could there be some plan on the part of this old woman to keep medical assistance from some unhappy patient whose death would serve her purposes?

I asked myself this question for several days; then I forgot the matter.

Two weeks passed by, when, lo! the old lady again.

She walked in as greatly agitated as on the former occasion.

"Sir," she said, "again I trouble you. My poor, poor daughter. Come at once."

"Madam," I answered, "it is a physician's duty, as it should be his pleasure, to obey such calls, but you are aware that I have been sent from your door twice without seeing the patient. Allow me to ask you a question. Are you the mistress of that house?"

"Heaven knows I am," said the old lady. "I have lived there for forty years. I own it. I am the only person under that roof who has the right to give an order."

"And the person who has sent me away?"

"My old servant, Margaret."

"Did she do it at your order?"

"No, sir; it was a piece of presumption. But Margaret means well. She loves me."

"Then, madam, if I accompany you, I shall see the patient?"

"Assuredly, sir."

I put on my hat again, and we went out of the house together.

We exchanged very few words as we walked through the streets.

At the door of her mansion the old lady paused.

"Don't mind Margaret," she whispered. "She means well."

Then she ascended the steps.

The door was opened to us by the woman I had twice seen before.

"The doctor must see my child, Margaret," said the old lady.

Margaret stepped back.

"Walk in, sir," was all she said.

The old lady beckoned me to follow her.

She went upstairs and opened the first door we came to.

It was an empty bedroom.

She closed it with a sigh.

The next room into which she led me was also empty.

So were all the others.

In effect we visited six apartments, only one of which seemed to be regularly occupied as a sleeping apartment; and at the last the old lady turned to me with a strange glitter in her eyes.

"Stolen," she said; "stolen—somebody has stolen my girl. Sir, do you know I think it must be Satan?"

Then Margaret came in, and the old lady, bursting into tears, suffered her to lead her away.

As I made my way downstairs, Margaret rejoined me.

"You understand it now," she said. "You see my mistress is not in her right mind?"

"I do, indeed," I said.

"She had a daughter once," said Margaret, "and the girl—a pretty creature of sixteen—ran away with a bad man. She came back home one day, and begged forgiveness; her mother turned her from the door in a fury. It was night; the rain and hail beat down on the poor thing, and the wind buffeted her.

"There is no knowing what happened to her that night, but, next morning, she lay dead. Her mother's address was pinned to her baby's clothing, and they brought her home.

"From that awful day, sir, my mistress, who, in her remorse and delirium, called in twenty doctors to bring her dead daughter to life, has always been doing what she has done to you. I try to keep the secret generally, but some find it out, and others think odd things of us. I thought I would let you know the truth. If she contrives to come again to you, you can always promise to call and so be rid of her.

"Poor soul! she has nobody in the world but me now. She's punished for her hardness at any rate, and you'll excuse her conduct."

I bowed. I could say nothing.

Margaret opened the door for me, and I walked out into the fresh air.

As I looked back upon the house, with all its elegance, it seemed to me to have a haunted air, as though the ghost of the poor girl still hovered about it.

"God only knows how many fearful secrets such splendid homes may at times shut in," I said to myself, and I turned my back upon it gladly.

I have never seen the poor old lady since that hour; probably Margaret has kept too close a watch upon her.

THE GOLD COAST.—If there exists anywhere outside the boundaries of romantic fable a land which is at once "a beauty and a mystery," it is probably the Gold Coast of Africa. A sky of unclouded brightness—a luxuriant Flora, yielding in the garden the most tempting fruits, and rising in the forest into the grandest forms of vegetable life—birds of the most gorgeous plumage—animals and insects of almost infinite variety—give to the external appearance of this coast an extraordinary charm and gaiety. The outward sparkle—the voluptuous sense of easy and relaxed enjoyment—though common in their degree in all tropical countries, become intensified in Africa from the luminous mists which hang over the earth. The story of the land is also singularly in harmony with its outward aspects. Its dismal forests offer themselves as appropriate scenes for those superstitious rites and cruel customs in which the natives are known to indulge. Altogether, there is a lurid harmony of tones and colors on that coast, at once moral and physical. The white cottages of the European residents, which appear from the sea as if about to be swallowed up in the luxuriant vegetation, are but the types of a human story. How weak and wasted seem the white population of the coast in contrast with the abounding nature—how few the houses—how numerous the tombs!

WERE men so enlightened and studious of their own good as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words of truth, law, reason, equity, and religion, would be synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.

IT is better to paint virtue to be imitated, than vice to be shunned.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

NEVER iron lace window-curtains, and be careful not to make them blue with indigo. Stretch them upon a mattrass to dry, pinning down carefully the extreme edge of every point of scollop.

TO MEND RUBBERS.—Cut India rubber fine and dissolve it in benzine; put a patch of rubber over the place to be mended, and cement it on with the solution, which fastens the patch on firmly.

CARBONATE OF AMMONIA.—We always keep in the house a bottle of ammonia—a solution of an ounce to half a pint of water, for taking out grease spots from black clothes. If whitewash drops upon a carpet, an application of the ammonia will, it is said, restore the color.

A GOOD blacking and polishing material to soften old leather shoes and bags, which can be made at a minute's notice in any house is this: Mix white of egg with black ink, and apply it with a brush or swab. It will grow polished by use, and lasts a good while. We have tried it.

TO MAKE PAPER STICK TO WHITEWASHED WALLS.—Make a sizing of common glue and water, of the consistency of linseed oil, and apply with the whitewash or other brush to the walls, taking care to go over every part, and especially top and bottom. Apply the paper in the ordinary way as soon as you please, and if the paste is properly made, it will remain firm for years.

REMEDY FOR WHITE HAIRS. — The white hairs that appear on horses from the use or wear of the saddle or harness are often unsightly. The remedy is a very simple one. Take a piece of fresh butter or lard, large enough to give the spot a thorough greasing; rub the same with the hand until it becomes quite hot, repeating the operation at least three or four times, and the white hairs will soon come out and hairs of natural color take their place. The best time to do it is in the winter, before the new coat starts.

HAIR WASHES. — Dissolve half an ounce of transparent soap in a quart of rain water. Add a small wineglassful of alcohol, and a few drops of some aromatic oil. Let it stand a few days before using, shaking it occasionally. Or this: Borax in powder, a teaspoonful; soft water, a quart; oil of lavender, sufficient to scent. Or this: Aromatic spirits of ammonia, best olive oil, of each a tablespoonful. Mix them well together, then add, slowly, a pint of rain water, and scent with rondeletia, or otto of roses, or whatever aroma is preferred.

TO RESTORE FADED BLACK LACE.—In many a housekeeper's bureau-drawers lie old black lace veils, edgings and head dress, faded and rusty, yet not worn out. By a simple process they can be quickly restored to their pristine beauty. Strain off some black tea from its leaves (having made it too strong to drink), let it cool until milk warm, pour over the lace, and let it stand several hours, then squeeze it very gently, dipping it frequently into the tea, until it shows that the dirt has been extracted. While the lace lies in the tea, boil a little more with a piece of gum arabic, the size of a small "marble;" when cool to the hand, dip the lace in it for a moment; then clap it in the hands until nearly dry, carefully pulling out the edges. Pin it over a pillow on which you have spread a newspaper. Let it dry for several hours or even days. Take the pins out, leaving the lace on the paper, remove from the pillow, cover with another paper, and iron with a *coolish* flatiron. The lace, if not worn out previously, will look as good as new.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM HOWARD CHALLEN, Publisher, 521 Minor street, Philadelphia, we have received a copy of the first of his Dime Edition of those charming stories, "The Arabian Nights Entertainments." Part I, now out, is that most delightful story of "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp." This edition is a marvel of cheapness, and places within the reach of every one a most innocent and instructive course of reading.

FROM W. B. ZIEBER, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the October number of "Blackwood's Magazine," just issued by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. This standard monthly presents not only quantity and quality, but good variety.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia: "The Lost Bank Note," by Mrs. Henry Wood. A novel which possesses all those qualities which have made the authoress of "East Lynne" so popular.

FROM H. O. HOUGHTON & Co., Boston: "The Atlantic Monthly" for November, 1874. An excellent number, containing continuations to Mr. Howell's new novel, "A Foregone Conclusion." Personal and Character Sketches, poetry, and the usual well filled departments complete the contents table.

DON'T BORROW TOOLS.—A farmer can get in no habit worse than that of borrowing tools, and for the following reasons: First, one who owns tools does not like to lend them, and he thinks less of the man who borrows; second, one never will come to learn how to use borrowed tools nor to keep them in order; and third, he who borrows never can be a good farmer. It is true that young men just starting may be allowed to borrow some, but he should not establish the habit; or, one may borrow a new implement to see how it works. A man who borrows is not likely to use a tool as carefully as if it were his own, and, as a consequence, he does not do careful nice work. What can a man be thinking about when he borrows a steel plow, keeps it several days or a week, and brings it home, as will be most likely the case, so dull as to be unfit for use? The owner can only take it to the shop, and at his own expense get it sharpened. If a man lends tools to one, there are several neighbors who also will want to borrow; and thus it is, a harrow, for instance, may be going round through the neighborhood all the season. It is every way desirable to cultivate what is called "good neighborhood," but this cannot be done where borrowing is practiced.

CHINA has rich mines, but will not let them be worked, for fear of disturbing the repose of the dead.

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THIS WEEK

we present the initial chapters of the new story written for us by Charles Morris, Esq., entitled

PLIGHTED IN PERIL;

or,

The Lone Star of Texas.

With the commencement of this powerful and brilliant Indian romance, we take occasion to indicate to our readers a *portion* of our programme for the approaching winter.

Since April last, when the **POST** passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, neither labor nor expense have been spared to make it the **VERY BEST** Literary and Family Paper published. New life and vigor have been infused into the old favorite; the best writers now contribute to its columns, and the reading matter, illustrations and typographical appearance are equal to the very best. The **POST** during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published.

We thus early announce the following Serials from old and well-known favorites of admitted ability and popularity:

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By Margaret M. Hosmer,

Author of "A Mystery of the Reef."

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING,

By Millie W. Carpenter,

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE,

By Rett Winwood,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc.

Powerful writers, new to the columns of the Post, have also been secured, and will follow in rapid succession. The following is only a partial list of those whose contributions will enrich our columns during the year 1875:

CHARLES MORRIS,
Author of "Plighted in Peril," etc.
CAPTAIN CLEWLINE,
Author of "Gentleman Dick," etc.
AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
Author of "Under a Ban," etc.
MARY E. WOODSON,
Author of "Wrung from the Grave."
H. REBAK,
Author of "Bound by a Spell," etc.
FRANK CARROLL,
Author of "The Heir of Glendale."
LOUISA CROW,
Author of "Esther's Secret," etc.
ELIZABETH MORRISON,
Author of "A Hidden Wrong."
CAPTAIN CARNES,
Author of "Red Kelly; or, The Free Riders of the Plains," etc.
"BLUE JACKET,"
FREDERICK S. MILLS,
DR. GRIFFITHS,
BURR THORNBURY,
CAPTAIN JAMES,
CHESTER LINCOLN,
CHARLES D. CLARK,
H. WATSON FLEMING,
FREDERICK D. SERGEANT,
MYRTLE BLOSSOM, IDA FAY.

In addition to the above a series of highly interesting

"PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE,"

ON

Law, Medicine, and Social Science,

written in a pleasant, familiar and instructive style by gentlemen who are acknowledged authorities on the several topics discussed, and whose names we shall shortly announce.

Our Special Departments—The Boudoir, containing the very latest Fashion news presented in most attractive form; Fairies' Column and Our Own Sphinx, never failing sources of instruction and amusement

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,

News of Interest, The Reviewer, New Publications, Facetiæ, and the Correspondents' Bureau, containing solid and valuable instruction given in Answers to all Inquirers upon almost every question which can be presented or discussed.

We are determined that the Oldest Literary and Family Paper in America shall also be the Best.

1875!

ABOUT POSTAGE, CLUB RATES, TERMS, ETC.

Heretofore the postage on the Post has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage *must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.*

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the Post has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, *as we have determined not to increase our subscription price, even to club subscribers.* We make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof; and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the Post, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, containing forty-eight columns of the choicest reading matter, will be sent, postage paid by us, to any address, on the following terms:

To Single Subscribers.—One copy, four months, $1.00; one copy, six months, $1.50; one copy, one year, $3.00.

To Clubs.—Four copies, one year, post paid, to one address, $10; which is $2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year, for $20.00; and an additional copy, free, to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

Remember! Postage to any part of the United States, hitherto paid by Subscribers, will, after the first of January, 1875, be paid by us without additional charge to Subscribers.

TRIFLES THAT VEX US.

Few men can bear vexations with dignity. They are the mosquitoes which infest the moral atmosphere. To summon up the forces of which philosophy gives one for control—courage, patience, fortitude, magnanimity—for the purpose of meeting an attack of venomous insects, seems ridiculous. But a bite is a bite, however tiny the creature that inflicts it; and when bites come in quick succession, each one just enough to make a man wince and rub the place, and feel for a few moments the rankle of the poison, how can he preserve the placidity of his temper, or the decorum of his manners?

We have known individuals whose forbearance under repeated wrongs has excited our highest admiration, utterly upset by the pertinacious impudence, or the unteachable stolidity, of a house fly. And no wonder! No one can stand being baited by teasing insignificance. A loud-buzzing, swift-flashing bluebottle, darting backwards and forwards within an inch of your eyes, or circling round your head and blowing his horn in your ears, is tolerably apt to raise your ire; but after all, he is nothing to that much smaller specimen of the tribe, which perseveres in restricting its sphere of flight within a foot of your nose, and pitches, and pitches, and pitches again upon that susceptible organ, only shifting its position to let you scratch, and then immediately coming down again. Does the reader remember ever having met a person who could keep his serenity unruffled under *that* provocation? No, no! There are some ills which no philosophy can reach—simply because they are in themselves so petty, and yet so potent.

Now, vexations greatly resemble flies—at least, in the effect which they produce. They come upon you so suddenly, so frequently, sometimes so persistently, that you get thrown off your balance before you are well aware of it. You cannot treat them as you would treat troubles. They are too puny to drive you back upon the sources of patience and endurance. They do not assail your feelings or your sympathies, but your temper.

THE ENIGMA OF EXISTENCE.

The apparitions of beings upon the surface of the globe is offered to the human mind as a prodigious enigma. There was a time when the conditions of life did not exist upon the earth. The day came, however, when these conditions were realized. The world then became covered with vegetation and peopled with animals; finally man is created. These truths, conforming as they do to the general sentiment manifested among the nations of antiquity, are demonstrated by the structure of the terrestial shell, and by the presence of organic remains. But if one seeks to figure to one's self the birth of life, to ascertain how it was produced, every such effort of thought remains barren. The marvellous discoveries of science permit us to trace with certainty part of the history of distant ages, and to give a sort of existence to the aspects of nature during successive periods, but they do not throw any light upon the origin of beings. The magnificent results achieved by modern investigation makes us anticipate much progress in the knowledge of those surprising phenomena of which our planet has been the theatre, but they do not authorize us to expect that one day will be learned the method by which beings have surged into existence. "The beginning," it seems, must forever remain impenetrable to human intelligence.

With many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing those vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.

LIFE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

There was a scarlet thread, and here a white;
A golden daylight here, and there the night;
Flowers drop their fragrant petals round
The hour of one glad day: a mound
Of ashes, sifted by some cruel wind,
Is all that tells where that sweet day to find!

Here blooms a purple flower by passion fed,
There lie the orange buds that crowned us, wed;
A knot of violets here from baby's grave—
To breathe of that sweet life we could not save;
And here a willow trails its branches green
Across some pleasant path by human eyes unseen!

Just here, a trill of song—of happy song
That oft at midnight floated by our door;
And then a wail of anguish drifts along,
To swell the chorus of the Nevermore.
From gold to dross—still from grave to gay,
So runs the tide of human life away.

OUR LOU'S LOVER.

BY O. DE B.

My Darling:—I have waited long and anxiously for a word from you. Will you not write me a line? Your silence is killing me. I love you so dearly, so truly. I cannot bear this coldness. I shall go mad or do something desperate if you do not write me and say you love me a little. Surely you can arrange it so that I may receive a note without the others finding it out. You scarcely looked at me yesterday! I implore you to write. Yours devotedly. Charley.

It was written in a bold, dashing hand, and I found it in the pocket of our Lou's pink muslin, when I gathered it up for the wash.

This was a discovery, certainly! What should I do? Tell mamma, and let her sift the matter, and find out who this rash young man was, who should "go mad" if our Lou didn't write a line instantly!

Of all persons in the world—for our Lou to have a clandestine lover! Why, she always turned up her nose at Fan's and my beaux, and said they were "brainless as well as beardless." Anyway this gentleman could not boast of a superfluity of brain weight, if the little he had was threatened with instant insanity the minute she failed to write him!

I read and re-read the note, and finally decided I would neither show the letter to mamma nor Fan, but would quietly and patiently await further developments.

How I watched her that evening when she came home from school. Yes; she looked pale and wearied, and when mamma asked her if her head ached, she answered, with a sigh, "Yes, and my heart too."

Then mamma asked, anxiously,

"Why, Louie, there is no fear of your losing your position, is there?"

"Oh, no," said Lou; "only the girls are so troublesome."

You see, our Lou was teacher in a large "Seminary for Young Ladies," and although all the girls loved her dearly, they tried her patience very much sometimes, I suppose.

I peeped in Lou's writing-desk next day to see if there were any signs of her having answered her lover's letter—any scraps lying loose. Why, when Fan and I write to any of our beaux, we tear up and waste three or four sheets of paper before the note suits us. But Lou's desk was as neat and tidy as everything of hers always is—there wasn't a sign of a letter except an envelope directed to one of her pupils. I certainly saw no clue to our Lou's lover in her writing-desk!

Now, I did want to tell Fan all about it, show her the love letter, and have a good laugh together over it, but I knew she would spoil it all by letting mamma into the secret—she always tells mamma everything—and then, of course, mamma would go to Lou, and the end would be, we girls would hear no more about Lou's lover! No; I concluded to keep my own counsel and just try to find out who Lou's lover was for myself.

The following Saturday afternoon Lou came down-stairs all dressed for a walk. She was "going to the Germania," she said, "with the school, and would probably not be home until dark, as she should stop at the Library on her way back, and it grew dark so soon, these short October days." I offered to meet her there and walk home together, but Lou said, "No; I had best not. I might miss her; the library was so crowded Saturday afternoons." And then, of course, mamma joined in and said I shouldn't go—she always says just what Lou does!

It rained toward evening, and was very dark by five o'clock. I determined, however, that I would manage somehow to see who *did* come home with Miss Lou from the Library! So I stationed myself at the little hall window over the front door and waited for my sly little mouse. I wonder if cats ever go to sleep on watch? I must have drowsed at my post, for I heard the door shut and Lou talking to Fan in the entry before I was able to make my discovery. I nearly lost my balance leaning out of the window, but I just caught a glimpse of a tall figure under an umbrella going down street.

"Who came home with you, Louie?" asked mamma, as Lou ran up-stairs.

"One of the girls!" replied Lou.

"Oh, ho!" thought I, "Miss Truthful, haven't I caught you nicely!"

Sunday afternoon, Miss Wynne, Lou's bosom friend, and also a teacher at Madam C.'s school, came to tea as usual, and the two chums were closeted together all the afternoon in Lou's room. Fan went to Sunday school, and I seated myself on the entry stairs, near Lou's room, with my library book.

They didn't know I was there, and left the door ajar. What girl of sixteen *wouldn't listen* when she knew her own sister was telling another girl about her lover!

"But, Miss Wynne," said Lou, in an expostulating tone, "I cannot pretend to love a person *violently* when I do not feel any such ridiculous emotion toward them. It is perfectly absurd!"

"But, Louie," replied Miss Wynne, in a persuasive voice, "can you not try to act less cold and indifferent. Show a little liking, at least. I pity Charley so. When one loves devotedly and enthusiastically, as such natures do, it must be terrible to be received so icily."

So Lou didn't care for him very much, after all! *I* pitied Charley, too, for Lou can act so stately and hateful when she does not care for a person.

"Won't you answer the letter?" coaxed Miss Wynne. "Just a little *kind* note. I will deliver it myself."

"Oh, dear, I am so heartily tired and sick of it all," sighed Lou. "I wish I could be allowed to *like* and treat people as I want to, and not be persuaded to love, and adore, and all that sort of nonsense. I am fairly worn out with these ridiculous accusations of indifference, and coldness, and cruelty, and if I write, it will be words to that effect. I *do* love Charley—" and here a gust of wind closed the bedroom door, and I could hear no more!

I had heard enough, however, and I made up my mind now that it was quite time mamma knew something of the affair. It was an alarming situation. Here was our Lou, with a strange young man evidently madly in love with her, and she acting in that hateful, cool way of hers towards him—who knows but that he might be driven to despair, commit suicide, or do something else dreadful, that would get all our names into those horrid papers, with all our pictures, too, very likely. Yes; mamma *must* know it!

Fired with these fearful thoughts, I rushed straightway to mamma, and blazed out my indignation at Lou's treatment of her lover, and as a proof of his infatuated love, I produced the letter I had preserved all this time.

Mamma looked amazed at me when I began my tirade, but instead of growing more and more astonished, and finally shrieking when I showed the love letter, she only burst out into a hearty laugh and cried:

"Why, Nell! That letter is from Charlotte Jardou, Lou's South American pupil—you remember her—that very tall, dark girl who sat next to Louie in church last winter."

It was my turn to be astonished now, and I was ashamed, too, for I remembered well now how we had joked Lou all last winter about her admirer, and called Miss Jardou "Lou's shardow."

It was a real case of "girl love." Charlotte Jardou was one of those warm-hearted, tropical-temperamented creatures, who love passionately, when they love at all, be the object lover, friend, child or pet. Our Lou, of all the teachers in the school, had taken the violent fancy of this child of the sun, and the cold, unimpassioned Northern maiden, not understanding the love lavished upon her, was really tortured and unhappy with the fierce jealousy and ardent affection she aroused in her pupil's heart. The girl, seeing the evident dislike manifested toward her, in the indifferent acceptance of caress and attention, had taken to writing expostulatory letters, and this glowing effusion signed "Charley," was only the letter of a girl madly in love with her girl-teacher.

I begged mamma not to tell Lou how curious and indignant I had been, and to this day mamma has only to look quizzically at me when my vivid imagination runs riot, and I immediately recollect my mistake as to—Our Lou's Lover!

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 7.—MACPHERSONS' TUTOR.

We are all tempted—strongly tempted at one time or another in the course of our lives—to resist the call of stubborn duty, and submit, willingly, to the sweet influence of inclination; but perhaps few men have need of such self-control—so strict and stern a spirit of honorable resistance, as those who, from necessity, are private tutors.

I have already briefly referred to my neighbors, the Macphersons. I suppose every neighborhood has its small aristocrats—the Macphersons are ours. The house in which they live is larger than the rest, in fact, it is two houses converted into one, with a story added for ornament rather than convenience. Mr. James Macpherson is wealthy; but it suits his purpose, or his eccentricity, or both, to continue to reside upon the scene of former struggles. Mrs. Macpherson indulges occasionally in visions of country residences; but Mr. Macpherson always ridicules such notions.

"What can it matter," I have heard him say. "You are never at home! Your life is made up, principally, of Long Branch, Cape May, Watkins' Glen, The Falls, and Newport. If you will be a giddy moth, any kind of a cocoon is good enough for the winter. This suits me well enough, and here I shall remain."

But Mrs. Macpherson conquered upon one point of gentility, at least. The children should be educated at home.

Mr. Macpherson pooh-poohed; but Donald was delicate, and Eva needed "finishing" for polite society. This could and should be accomplished under the maternal eye. Mr. Macpherson pshaw-pshawed, but the tutor arrived one day.

Francis Lynden was a scholar and a gentleman; a poor one I admit, but a gentleman by nature. How often he mentally deplored that fact and wished that nature had taught him to labor with his hands! But it was his fate to be a teacher, and he expected no better one.

On the other hand, the Macphersons were proud—proud of some remote ancestry. They may have been descended from a line of kings; the fact remained that James Macpherson's wealth was the result of labor and economy.

Eva was gentle, affectionate, kind-hearted. Robert, her brother, inherited his father's disposition, and was petulant, wilful and unmannerly. It was the duty of the new tutor to impart to them a knowledge of classics, mathematics and other learned mysteries.

Alas poor Francis, himself, was studying in a new school! Learning easy lessons which bid fair to endanger his whole future. A young man of twenty-two, thrown constantly and unreservedly into the society of a delicate, studious maiden of seventeen, is apt to become his own preceptor in arts which it would perhaps be well if he could never know—the secrets of the heart.

Philosophy is well, but all the philosophy that ever was penned will never control those subtle threads which introduce themselves so insidiously and bind two hearts inseparably together.

How much better it would be for us all if love had less control or more—if pride of birth and riches were co-equal with the pride of honor and industry. It was Francis Lynden's fate to love Eva Macpherson, and although I have no doubt he was worthy of her, there were two stout warriors arrayed against him—Pride and Wealth.

After a six months' residence with the Macphersons, there came the bitter struggle between duty (as the world sees it) and inclination. A thousand times he was about to declare his passion, but his better reason came to his rescue always. What if she admitted his power to woo and win her? Would her parents sanction her choice? No, indeed; he would be turned scornfully away.

He tried to bear his burthen patiently, but it grew too strong for him. Only one course remained. He must resign his position in the household at once and for ever.

This resolution made, he carried it into immediate execution. He indited a letter to his employer, setting forth that "personal matters" would necessitate his departure.

"So Lynden intends leaving us," was James Macpherson's commentary. "Really some people never seem to know——"

"Mr. Lynden—going——" said Eva. "Surely, papa, you are mistaken——"

"He has resigned his position here," replied Mr. Macpherson, stiffly. "I shall seek another tutor."

That was an end of the matter so far as he was concerned; not so with Eva. A few moments later she was trembling at the library door. Francis was turning the leaves of an ancient volume, but his thoughts wandered freely from his book.

"Are you really about to leave us, Mr. Lynden?" said Eva, anxiously. "Will you not tell me why?"

"I cannot—pardon me, Miss Macpherson," he replied. "Our parting will cause me great pain, but my resignation is forced upon me."

"Forced?"

"Well, not that, perhaps, as you construe the term. I have received great kindness here, and—and—really all I may say is this, my duty to myself, to you, to others, calls me, and I dare not disobey."

"I do not understand," said Eva, pensively. "We shall be sorry to lose you, I am sure."

"Your sorrow cannot be greater than mine, dear Eva," he replied.

"Why leave us, then?" she questioned, and her face brightened with the thought that her query was unanswerable.

"Eva," said Francis, tenderly (inclination decidedly was getting the best of it), "it is for your sake and my own. If you knew my secret—if I might presume to tell it you—you would yourself, possibly, be the first to bid me go."

"What have I to do with the matter?" she said, coquettishly.

"Everything!—that is——"

"Then I ask you to stay."

"But you do not know——"

"I know that I like you very much, that I shall never endure another tutor. It is cruel of you to think of leaving us."

"But suppose, Eva, if I stayed I should, one day, forget our relative positions; suppose I came to love you much more dearly than your brother; suppose existence without you were an aching void, and I were to ask you to promise to be my wife——"

"I won't suppose anything of the kind; but I do not think that such a combination of circumstances would be very terrible. Why not continue your supposition?" she continued, merrily. "Suppose I said 'well I won't promise, but such an event may happen one day,' and then suppose you continued to be my tutor, and taught me to love you very much indeed."

"But, your father——"

"Well," said Eva, trembling slightly, "if your imagination extends to him, I suppose he would say 'no' very decidedly, perhaps even he might lock me up in the fourth story and feed me upon stale bread and molasses. So this is the reason, is it, Mr. Lynden?" she added, seriously.

"Indeed I love you, Eva."

"And you prove it by running away?"

"It will be best for both—your heart cannot feel the pangs I suffer."

"Have you asked me, Francis?"

She laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, and looked wistfully into his face. Duty was quite forgotten then.

"Could you really love me, Eva?"

"I love you," she frankly answered. "But do not tell papa. Remain here, and——"

"No, I must go," he said, resolutely.

"And you will speedily forget——"

"Never, dear Eva. Perhaps, one day in the dim future I may return to you, meantime I bind you by no pledge, I could not ask so great a sacrifice."

He kissed her, and they met no more until it was time for him to go. She was the last of all the household to bid him good-bye. Would she be the first to greet him if he ever returned! I wondered.

I think, from this time forth, the Macphersons grew more wealthy and prouder than ever, but it was evident that poor Eva had still a place in her heart for her absent lover, and that tidings of him were ever welcome to her.

And fate, who manages these affairs quite in her own fashion, once more brought these two together.

It was during one of those summers at Long Branch, or Cape May, or Watkins' Glen—I cannot at present say which, nor is it material to our present purpose. Mrs. and Miss Macpherson, with others of the fashionable world, were preparing for a month's sickness by indefatigable endeavor to reverse the natural order of day and night. Soirees and balls were at their height, and altogether it was supposed the season was a charming success.

Mr. Lynden was there—indulging in all manner of harmless dissipations; and not only Mr. Lynden, but Mr. Lynden's aunt!

A glorious old creature she was, this newly-discovered aunt. The two had met but recently after years of separation. The lady was a widow, but nearly all the elderly bachelors at this particular summer resort were nearly crazed about Mr. Lynden's aunt. No one gave him the cold shoulder. It was: "Introduce me, old fellow." "What a lucky man you are, to be sure;" for the lady was wealthy and remarkably good humored.

Mr. Lynden was no longer a poor teacher when he and the Macphersons met.

"Why, mamma, Mr. Lynden," said Eva, with sparkling eyes.

"Nonsense, Eva, you are mistaken. What should bring him here?"

But it was, and he approached them cordially. Eva's face was suffused with joyfulness. Mrs. Macpherson's was frigidly polite.

Mr. Lynden's aunt introduced herself. She never stood upon ceremony, never. Mrs. Macpherson took the measurement of her dress and estimated the quality of her diamonds; then she relaxed.

The whole party were soon the greatest of friends—Mr. Lynden's term of scholastic duty was speedily forgotten.

Eva was happy then, she is happy now I think. The carriages are waiting at the Macphersons' door, Eva descends the white steps with face nearly as pale as at her parting from her lover, time ago. Francis with his cheerful aunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson complete the family group. They will return in an hour or so, and Eva will no longer be Miss Macpherson but Francis Lynden's wife.

The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.

News of Interest

The British national debt will be reduced by $2,315,215 this year.

It takes fifty thousand cabs to transfer the London Population from place to place.

During the past quarter the custom receipts in Great Britain have fallen off $2,200,000.

Five millions and a half per week is said to be the combined receipts of the English railways.

It is said that the number of volumes of American law reports now exceed 2000, and that they are increasing at the rate of 100 a year.

A Vermont legislator, aged sixty, made his first railroad journey a few days ago, whilst on his way to take his seat for the present session.

Medical students in Baltimore complain of the difficulty of obtaining "subjects." The price current of a "subject" in Baltimore is $16.

Hammerfest, Norway, is the most northerly town in the world. It has a population of 2,057. The sun sets November 18, and rises January 28.

Great preparations are being made in England for the installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the Freemasons. The ceremony will be one of the most gorgeous ever witnessed in the annals of Freemasonry.

At a squirrel hunt in Florence, Mass., lately, one party showed 3015 heads, and the other 4915, chipmunks being excluded. Among the game were 200 coons, 50 gray squirrels, 25 red do., 30 pigeons, 75 woodchucks, 100 crows, 100 hen hawks, 50 rabbits, 200 foxes, and 75 partridges.

Near Honesdale, Pa., the other day, a bull gave evidence of more courage than discretion. With head down and tail up he went for an approaching railroad train. The collision came, the bull was thrown high in the air, fourteen cars were thrown down the bank fifty feet, and one person was fatally injured.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has come out boldly in defence of smoking. He thinks a good cigar is "a thing to thank God on," for he says, "when I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God, and have blessed His name."

That popular as well as scientific establishment, the Royal Gardens, Kew, in England, is open to the public every day in the week after 1 o'clock P. M. How largely it is appreciated and enjoyed may be gathered from the statement in a recent annual report, that the number of visitors in the year 1873 was 683,870. In one day (June 21) over 59,000 people entered the grounds.

Among the mountains of Virginia are found many wild hogs, which do not hesitate to attack the traveler, and are without doubt the most dangerous denizens of the mountains. They are usually founds in herds of from five to twelve, and the sight of a human being is the only signal for attack that they require. The intruder has then nothing left him but to outrun them or climb a tree. A great chance for sportsmen.

There are some old people living in the interior of New Jersey—two sisters and a brother—who practice an economy not recorded of any of the famous misers. They have a comfortable house, and are especially rich in bed-clothes, made by the hands of the sisters, and accumulated through many years. But they habitually set up and sleep in their chairs, so as not to wear out the bedding.

The new ladies' over-garment, which is made of cloth, resembling as near as possible the fur of some animal, is called the "camel," and the collar which ornaments it rejoices in the name of the "dog collar." According to latest Paris reports a lady may exercise her own choice in the selection of the animal she wishes to represent, and may appear as a reindeer, as a bear, a northern elk, or, in fact, as any rough skinned animal her taste may dictate.

Philadelphia will be able to show visitors, in 1876, two of the widest bridges in the world. The Girard avenue bridge is 100 feet in width, and is used only for foot passengers and carriages. The bridge built for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad to be put over Richmond street, at the Richmond coal wharves, has a span of 64 feet, and is 205 feet in width. It will carry eighteen tracks. This bridge was recently completed at the Phœnixville Bridge Works, but has not yet been put in position.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex an 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same by 2, and you will have 232, and as there is no remainder you add a cipher. Now take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1795; and dividing this by 2 there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1795.

There is in Paris a ridiculous law by which a person on being run over while crossing the street is obliged, if not killed, to pay a fine for obstructing the public highway, and a very peculiar and oppressive instance of its enforcement occurred the other day. A little child, the offspring of a poor couple residing in one of the minor streets running out of the avenue Josephine, while playing in the middle of the street, was knocked down and run over by a passing carriage and instantly killed. The bereaved parents, in addition to their sorrow for the loss of their child, were condemned to pay a fine of 100 francs for not having kept the child out of the street.

The latest thing in watches, got up in Geneva, will charm the ladies. It is thus described: Firstly, you must imagine a little jeweled bell, which may be hung round the neck as a locket if wished. Under the locket hangs a crystal globe. If you wish to see the hour you take the bell in your hands, turning the crystal globe upwards; then the globe also turns, and discloses the face of the watch, which resembles in shape a "zodiac," according to its name. It is wound up by a little flower at one side of the bell covering. Nothing can be more perfect, nor prettier, than this little gem, and its cost is only one hundred and fifty francs! thirty dollars!

TO FAIRYLAND AND BACK.

Part 1.—HAPPY-GO-LUCKY AMONG THE MORTALS.

BY F. S. MILLS.

There was once a King in Fairyland, who committed all manner of atrocities. The fairy Queen, his consort, was as good as she was beautiful, (this is saying a great deal in her favor,) and the fays, her subjects, loved her very much; but the King, (whose name was Happy-go-Lucky,) neglected the Queen most shamefully, and frightened the fairies of the court by making love to them in the Queen's presence.

The Queen, (whose name was Fidelity,) expostulated with her liege lord upon the error of his ways. He said it was only his fun, and that he meant no harm—he had visited the land of mortality, and human beings, he said, did just as they pleased in such matters. A prince was always master in his own principality and in his own house, and he intended to be so too! He even hinted at selling the royal dewdrops, (which are the fairy diamonds, you know,) and change himself into a mortal for a century at least.

The Queen cried a great deal, for she was very unhappy. Such conduct had never been known in Fairyland before. After a while the King suddenly disappeared, and many of the good fairies hoped that he would never come back again.

It happened that during one of his previous visits to the earth, the King had met with a laborer, named Luke, who lived on the borders of a great forest. Luke had a little daughter, named Minnie, and Minnie was reading about the fairies when King Happy-go-lucky saw her.

He did not make himself visible to Luke or Minnie then, but when he returned to Fairyland, (where he was very coldly received, considering his rank and dignity,) he began to think how much he would like to have Minnie with him always and to wonder if he could not induce her to come to Fairyland and be his little wife in place of the Queen.

So when he so mysteriously disappeared for the second time he visited the world again, and made himself visible to Luke, who was chopping wood.

Luke laughed when he saw King Happy-go-lucky running toward him—he was so very small and stumbled so often the woodcutter thought he might hurt himself, so he went to his assistance.

"Who may you be, little man?" said Luke.

"I'm Happy-go-lucky!" the King replied, with the air of a man of fortune. "I know who you are. You're Luke, the woodcutter."

"And what may you want with Luke, the woodcutter, Mr. Happy-go-lucky?" said Luke.

"I want to help you," said the King.

"You help, indeed!" replied Luke, laughing heartily. "You could'nt lift the hatchet!"

But the little man produced a little hatchet, which shone like silver in the sun, and commenced chopping wood with such dexterity, that Luke stood by amazed, and watched him silently.

He had not worked long before the whole pile of wood was finished, and Luke asked him to go home with him to supper.

This was what the fairy wanted, so of course he went with Luke, and when they drew near to the woodcutter's cottage, little Minnie came running out to meet her father, but she ceased running when she saw the manikin, and wondered who he could be.

"This is little Happy-go-lucky," said Luke, introducing him to Minnie, "and he wants to be a woodcutter."

Minnie laughed and prepared the supper, which the three ate together, and they chatted awhile, and the woodcutter asked Happy-go-lucky to stay with them and help to cut wood on the morrow, which after a little pretended hesitation, the fairy agreed to do.

After supper the woodcutter went out to work a little in his garden, while Minnie made the kitchen comfortable, and trimmed the lamp, and reached out her father's slippers and his newspaper and pipe.

When the wicked fairy saw how happy Minnie was he loved her more than ever. He forgot that it was in his power to make his Queen just as happy as little Minnie was, if not a great deal happier.

So Happy-go-lucky laughed and winked his eyes in such a very funny way that Minnie laughed, too. She couldn't help it.

"You don't know what I am," said the King, mysteriously.

"No, indeed, I don't," said Minnie. "You're such a funny fellow."

"Hush, don't talk so loud," said the King. "It's a great secret—I'm a fairy!"

"A what?" asked Minnie, wonderingly, for although she had often read of fairies, she had never seen one before.

"A fairy," answered the King, seriously. "How would you like to be a fairy?"

"I—I don't know," answered Minnie, cautiously.

"Don't know!" echoed the King. "Such golden opportunities don't often happen, I can tell you!

"Fairies have great power," he continued, persuasively, "for instance, we can be invisible whenever we please and hear what people are saying about us!"

"We needn't mind that if we act rightly," said Minnie, sagely.

"But everybody does mind, nevertheless," returned the King; "then again, we go where we like and do everything we want to."

"But I never desire to do anything except what papa wishes me."

"What a curious little girl you are!" said the King, savagely. "Wouldn't you like to have a fairy carriage, and ride through the woods, and rule over all the beautiful singing birds and flowers? Wouldn't you like to have a hundred busy bees to attend you, and a thousand golden spiders to spin a golden web, which would be your little palace in Fairyland? Eh, Minnie?"

"My prison, perhaps, you mean," said Minnie. "No, I wouldn't."

"So you won't have the carriage?" said the King.

"No," said Minnie, "I think I'd rather not."

"Drawn by white mice?"

"No, thank you, sir," said Minnie.

"What a very curious little girl you are," said the King, again. He was quite astonished when Minnie answered as she did, and became more enraptured than ever he had been. At that moment he heard Luke rubbing his feet upon the mat, so he made up his mind to carry little Minnie away, and take her to Fairyland whether she liked it or not.

So he raised his little silver hatchet and it changed into a fairy's wand, and this he waved over Minnie's head, and she felt herself lifted into the air. Then the fairy and Minnie passed over Luke's head at the moment of his entering the room, and alighted in the forest beyond.

When Luke saw that Minnie and his little woodcutter were gone he was very much distressed, and called to them sharply. He thought he could hear Minnie's answering voice but he could not see her anywhere.

"You needn't shout," said the King, to Minnie, laughing at her perplexity. "He can't see you, you're invisible."

Yet when Minnie saw her father running in search for her, past the very place where she was standing, she shouted once again; and Luke turned and tried to discover whence the sound of his daughter's voice proceeded; but, as the wicked fairy had said, he could not find her, although she saw him very plainly.

"Let me go," she said, to Happy-go-lucky. "Let me go—I *hate* you."

And she stamped her little foot upon the ground, in her passion, and the fallen leaves rustled, and she felt herself falling—falling—ever so far away into the centre of the earth.

When the fairies saw their King returning, there was a great commotion. The Queen's council had assembled, and it was declared that the King had abdicated of his own free will, and that it would be quite proper for the Queen to assume absolute authority.

But the return of the King ended the controversy. It is with fairies as with ordinary mortals; the greatest conspirators are the most easily subdued.

Minnie thought Fairyland was very beautiful. The dewdrops glistened on the Queen's throne like so many silver stars, and shone brightly in the Queen's hair; and the little dancing fairies were the most beautiful creatures she had ever seen; still she cried to go home again, for she thought of her dear father who was seeking her in the forest, and she longed to throw her arms around his neck and love him much more dearly than she had ever done before.

"Come to me, little girl," said the Queen, graciously. "You are not afraid of me I hope."

"I am not afraid of you," said Minnie, naively, "but I don't like Happy-go-lucky."

The King frowned, and the fairies tittered. They didn't like Happy-go-lucky either, but they dared not say so, for they were in constant fear of him.

"Please let me go home to my papa," said Minnie, humbly; "to papa and Joe."

Joe was the son of Luke's nearest neighbor, and the two children loved each other as if they were brother and sister, and passed much of their leisure time together in the woods.

The Fairy Queen pondered for a moment. She thought she would like to see little Joe; perhaps he and Minnie could tell her about that land of mortality which the King visited so often. She waved her wand thrice, and there appeared at her command the strangest little imp that ever was. He was dressed in a suit of silver and gold, studded with shimmering pearls.

This was Thought, the Queen's councillor.

The Fairy Queen and the imp consulted apart, and while the consultation was in progress, King Happy-go-lucky endeavored to persuade Minnie to say that she wanted to stay in Fairyland and be the Queen's attendant, but Minnie refused point blank.

At last the consultation was over and the Queen determined to detain Minnie until little Joe could be brought to her and an inquiry held, with the two children as witnesses, as to the King's conduct in Mortal-land.

What happened to Little Joe, and the further adventures of Minnie among the fairies, I will relate in another chapter.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

The Bottle of Oil.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last, his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly word was found in his house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

INTEGRITY.—Integrity is a virtue which costs much. In the period of passion, it takes self-denial to keep down the appetites of the flesh; in the time of ambition, with us far more dangerous, it requires very much earnestness of character to keep covetousness within its proper bounds, not to be swerved by love of the praise of men, or official power over them. But what a magnificent recompense does it bring to any and every man! Any pleasure which costs a conscience a single pang is really a pain, and not a pleasure. All gain which robs you of your integrity is a gain which profits not; it is a loss. Honor is infamy if won by the sale of your soul. But what womanly and manly delight does this costly virtue bring into our consciousness, here and elsewhere!

THE OLD GIPSY HAT.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

Oh the rickety bridge flung over the creek,
Flung over the water clear and quick;
Up in the boughs of the twisting trees,
Creaking and trembling in every breeze;
Up in the boughs with their crisping leaves—
Up where the shadow with sunshine weaves—
Where the wild bird ruffles its wings for flight,
And shakes out the dews on the misty light.

How full of glee is the witching face
That peeps from the rail in its rustic grace—
The flushed gay face where the brown curls twine—
With the eyes that watch where the hook and line
Dance on the waters, sink and swim,
Gather quick fins to the mirrowy brim.
How full of light are the laughing eyes,
With their blue that rivals the sleeping skies;
How full of music the voice that rings
Down where the water seething sings.

Music that rivals the music of birds
Is the half Scottish rhythm that clings to her words.
And what were rare jewels—oh, pray tell me that—
To compare with the grace of her old gipsy hat!
And what were the costumes elaborately made,
Of silks, and of satins and richest brocade,
Compared to her tunic and bodice of gray
And her ribbons that rival the roses of May?

Oh, rough hewn old bridge swung high in the air,
Swung high from the torrent that whispers—beware!
You have trembled with many a foot before now,
And thrilled at the music of laughter, I trow.
But what footstep so light, oh pray tell me that,
As the girl's by the rail, with the old gipsy hat.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 24. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DETECTIVE'S OPINION OF PHILIP.

"What have you done with your brother?"

The words of his Uncle Richard, spoken so solemnly and sternly, struck a chill to the heart of Philip Fenton. He felt that the old man, with his instinctive knowledge of human character, had penetrated his secret, and that he was at his mercy. But he was bold and reckless, and he looked his uncle full in the face.

"I have told you that often enough, I think. My brother has run away to sea."

"You cannot deceive me, Philip," replied Mr. Fenton, sternly. "I know that Richard never of his own free will left all the advantages which I designed for him, or the plans with which he was familiar."

"He was tempted by the sea voyage," muttered Philip.

"Not at all, sir. It was his design in the long college vacation, to take a cruise to Europe with Captain Belknap. He kept this a secret at my request, and was as eager as any one to enter college. Philip Fenton, until your brother's own lips have told me that I have been deceived, I shall believe that you have kidnapped—or caused him to be kidnapped, aboard the Dolphin."

"It is false, sir."

"Prove it to me, then."

"How can I prove it? The ship is gone, and cannot make a port without orders, as you know. Perhaps she may not enter any port upon the Atlantic coast; in all probability, none short of Honolulu. These whaling captains are always afraid of desertions, and perhaps he will not be allowed to go ashore or write. Understand me, sir, I do not say that he has not been kept on board the Dolphin by violence, but I do say that I had nothing to do with it. What motives have I for doing this?"

"An unworthy motive, such as has guided you through life so far. You hope to take his place in my will, if anything happens to him, and you certainly gain his share of your mother's private fortune."

"As if I cared for that."

"You do not care for money? Then tell me ask the meaning of the begging letters which I have received from you so freely during the last year?"

"My business might have sunk but for the timely aid which you gave me."

"Nonsense! Philip Fenton, you wrote to me for one thousand dollars. I sent you the money, and at the same time sent a private detective to follow you, and find out what use you made of the money. From that day until you went away with Richard, the man has followed you, and I have his report. Shall I read it to you?"

"If you like," replied Philip, sullenly. "Doubtless you know that I never have set up for a saint."

"The character would hardly suit you, I am afraid. But hear the report of my detective, who seems to understand his business:"

Report of Mr. ——, (never mind his name) employed by Richard Fenton, Sr., to ascertain the habits of his nephew, Philip Fenton:

I shadowed Philip Fenton from the moment the money was placed in his hands, aided by my partner, who is himself an active man, well up in the business. He took the daytime, and I took the night. At sunset I received notice from him that Mr. Fenton would be at Rawlings' Club, a noted gambling resort in Boston, at about ten o'clock. Mr. Fenton was drinking hard, and spending freely, and was in company with a rich young Southerner from Charleston, South Carolina, by the name of Prentiss Vaughn, and that he suspected that Fenton had some evil design. I went to Rawlings' about nine o'clock, and had an interview with the proprietor. The gentleman had a wholesome fear of me, and, after some persuasion, agreed to give me all the assistance which I required. About ten o'clock, Mr. Fenton, Vaughn and a "capper" belonging to Rawlings, entered the club room; Vaughn very drunk, and Philip Fenton, to my surprise, quite sober. I knew that he had a job on hand which would require all his nerve, or he could not have kept sober.

They went to private room number thirteen and sat down to a game of "draw poker." The "capper" staid with them, and by the aid of mirrors, ingeniously arranged, Fenton was able to see every card held by his opponent, and regulated his play accordingly. By this means and by "putting up" hands against the Southerner, he won over twelve thousand dollars at that sitting. Vaughn is at the Tremont without a penny, unless he has pawned some of his jewelry, and I leave it to you to decide what must be done.

In justice to Rawlings, I must not tell you how I know this. It is enough to say that I was in the room all the time, and saw every move in the game.

I sum up the character of your nephew in these words: He is a gambler, a drunkard and a scoundrel.

[*Signed*] BLANKE.

The old gentleman read this report with a keen relish, glancing at his nephew from time to time, to see how it suited him. Nothing could be judged from his face, which was fixed as marble.

"Now then, Philip, what have you to say to all this?"

"What should I say?"

"Did you not win this young man's money?"

"Other men gamble as well as I, you must understand."

"It is bad enough to gamble, but still more dishonorable to win money by the unfair means you employed. I have paid back this money to Prentiss Vaughn, having first exacted a promise that he should never touch a card again. I found the young man with his pistols on the table, coolly waiting until his watch made one circle before he blew out his brains. If you meet him in the street, he will not recognize you, for he knows what you have done."

"Perdition! I shall be posted everywhere."

"Not yet. You are safe as long as you keep out of gambling holes, but the moment you enter them you will find that all pigeons are warned to beware of the sharper, Philip Fenton. As for the money you have obtained, keep it, and use it better than you have done before. As for me, I am going to send a swift clipper after the Dolphin, to bring Richard back."

"Would you take all that trouble for him? Let him make the voyage, and it may do him good."

"You may go, and never set foot in my house again unless I send for you. Of one thing you may be sure: I would sooner leave my money to the meanest beggar in the streets than that you should receive a penny."

"Thanks, a thousand times. But, before you utterly condemn me, make sure that I am to blame for all this. Tell my mother that if she wishes to see me, I am to be found at the Tremont."

He left the room and hurried down the street, full of anger.

"Dick must not come back," he muttered; "and when the Dolphin returns, Captain Manning must not come in her. The work I have marked out must be well done, or I am ruined forever. Thank fortune, the money I won from that young fool gives me the means to work. I swear, by all my hopes, that neither Captain Manning, the only one except Dan who knows the manner in which Dick was taken into the Dolphin, nor my brother, shall ever set foot in New Bedford again. After that, with Dan to help me, I can make a case."

CHAPTER XIV

THE MISSION OF THE ANTELOPE.

A beautiful clipper schooner lay at anchor in the harbor of Plymouth, ready for a voyage. All her sails were bent; her rigging was of the most approved make, and in beautiful order. She was what is known to sailors as a "fore and aft" schooner, and was built with every attention to speed. In fact, the gentleman who owned her had used her as a dispatch boat, in carrying on a large business between London and Boston, and would not have sold her, but for a tempting offer which was made him by Mr. Richard Fenton, who was now the sole owner. Her captain was one who knew the course of the whaling fleet, and the chances of falling in with the Dolphin in the North Pacific, in the track of the sperm whale. Although but a young man, he was a hardy and experienced sailor, upright ar the foremast of his schooner, and firm as Plymouth Rock. His name was Walter Dunlap, and this was his first voyage as captain.

The men whom he commanded had been chosen with an eye to the work before them, and their reward would be large if they succeeded. She carried ten men before the mast, a cook, two mates, a surgeon, and a carpenter. The arms chest was well stocked, and she carried four twelve-pounders on a side, and a long thirty-two on a swivel amidships. If she had been fitted out as a privateer or a pirate, her armament could not have been more complete, and Captain Dunlap had a right to be proud of his schooner, the Antelope.

A boat put off from the wharf, containing three persons besides the man who was pulling, a lady, a little girl, and an old gentleman. Coming nearer, it proved to be Mr. Fenton, Mrs. Fenton, and her daughter. They reached the side of the schooner, and were assisted to the deck by the young captain.

"Have you cleared from the Custom House, Captain Dunlap?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir; it is all right."

"Very good; we will go into the cabin."

Captain Dunlap handed Mrs. Fenton down the companion, leaving the others to follow, and they were soon seated on the lockers in the comfortable cabin of the Antelope.

"Captain Dunlap," said the old gentleman, "I have selected you from the young seamen of my acquaintance for a work which requires skill, zeal, and untiring patience. You are to sail as soon as possible to-night, stopping at no port until you reach Honolulu. Once there, you are to set every machine at work to place you on the track of the whaler Dolphin, Captain Tom Manning, master. It is an utter surprise to me that old Tom should lend himself to a kidnapping scheme like this, but it is plain that he has done so."

"I don't think so, Mr. Fenton. I know Captain Manning, and he never was guilty of an unworthy act in all his life. The boy has been kept out of his sight until the ship was at sea, and then he would not turn back for a seventy-four. Go on with your orders."

"Find the Dolphin, and take the boy out of her, no matter how. Get him, by fair means or foul, and bring him home to me."

"I understand, sir."

"If you succeed in doing this, the moment the schooner drops her anchor at yonder wharf you are the owner, as well as captain. Your mates shall receive regular wages, such as you think fair, and one thousand dollars bonus. Your men, including the steward, regular wages and five hundred each. The carpenter the same as the mates; this is in the event of success. If you fail, having done your best, or if anything has happened to the boy so that you cannot bring him back, none of you shall complain that you have made a poor voyage. If any of the men are killed or disabled, I will pay to his widow or himself three times the sum which would have been his due had he come back safe. My property is large, but I will spend it all, unless I am satisfied that there is no hope. Does this plan suit you?"

"Nothing could be fairer. After the schooner sails, I will read your orders to the crew."

"Here they are, written out in full. I have given it to you by word of mouth, fearing that some accident might happen to the paper. Do you know your crew; and are they to be trusted?"

"Those whom I do not know are vouched for by men whom I can trust, and they look like a fine lot of men. My officers, and in fact most of my men, are all old messmates, and I can depend on them."

"And Captain Dunlap," said Mrs. Fenton, "I can offer you no further pecuniary inducement to do your work well. Only remember that a mother's prayers follow you wherever you may go. Save my son and bring him back to me, and heaven shower its choicest blessings on your head."

"A man is none the worse for the prayers of a good woman, Mrs. Fenton. I would be faithful to you if only for those words. But, as you see, I have a reputation to make as a commander, and shall work for my credit."

"Nothing more need be said, then," said Mr. Fenton.

"I will send a kiss to Dick," said Grace, lifting her sweet face to that of the young captain. "Tell him Gracie sent it."

The captain pressed his lips to those of the sweet child.

"Little one," he said, "I had a little sister like you once upon a time, and she died. I loved her dearly, and for her sake I will bring the brother you love back to you, if man can do it."

"I love you dearly," replied the artless girl. "You are handsome, and what is better, you are good. I wish my brother Philip was as good as you are."

Mrs. Fenton sighed deeply, and there was a slight stir in the companion-way. The captain rose to see who it was, when a man hastily entered the cabin. He was a tall young fellow, well made and muscular, with black curling hair and bronzed face. He was suffering with some affection of the face, for he had a handkerchief tied under his chin in such a way as to nearly hide it.

"The wind is fair for sailing, captain," he said. "Shall we set the signal for a pilot?"

"That is provided for," said Mr. Fenton. "In ten minutes one of the best pilots in the port will be on board."

The sailor left the cabin immediately, while Grace looked after him with a puzzled expression. She had never seen him before, and yet there was a nameless something about him which seemed to be familiar.

"We will bid you good-bye then, captain," said Mr. Fenton, extending his hand. "Do your best for us, and whether you succeed or not, you will never regret it. By-the-way, who was that young man who came in just now?"

"Caspar Deane, an able seaman."

"Do you know him?"

"Captain Martin sent him to me, recommending him very highly."

"He seems superior to his class, that is all."

"I thought so, myself," replied the captain; "but he seems to be a good man, and has already made himself very useful to me."

The party went on deck and into the boat. As it shoved off, the sailor Deane stood in the shadow of the cabin, watching them intently, a strange smile upon his handsome face. At this moment the pilot came out and boarded the schooner.

"Bear a hand lively, boys," he said. "We'll take this schooner out, flying light. Get her under way, Mr. Wallace."

The anchor was down, but at the call the men sprang to the bars, and it was quickly at the bows. Up went the foresail and jib, and as the swift schooner felt the helm, the sharp prow, bearing the gilded antelope, pointed for the mouth of the bay. The pilot understood his business and in a short time the schooner was clear of all the bars, and the pilot, wishing them a good voyage, received his fee, and went over the side into his boat. All sail was set, everything which would draw, and the noble schooner headed to the south, just two weeks astern of the Dolphin. But the Dolphin had lost two days at Rio, and the schooner would make no port short of Honolulu.

"Which will get there first?" muttered Caspar Deane, as he hauled away on the main sheet. "Which; the Dolphin or the Antelope? I think the schooner will be a *little* behind."

CHAPTER XV

BLACK RODGER "ON DECK."

We return to Dick Fenton, as he lay under the heavy body of the assassin, the fell grasp upon his throat, in the cabin of the Dolphin.

Tatty grasped the harpoon and whirled it above his head, but the murderous assailant lay in such a position that he dared not throw, fearing that he might strike Dick instead of the villain who had him by the throat.

Throwing his long limbs silently over the edge of the bunk, the stout harpooner cleared, at a single leap, the space which separated him from the intruder, and grasping him with giant strength, raised him, screaming for mercy, into the air. Then he dashed him down with stunning force, and set his foot upon his breast. The wildest confusion reigned in the forecastle, for every man was out of his bunk now, eager to know the cause of the fray.

"You dog!" hissed Tatty. "I will have your life. Bring the lantern, some one, and let us see the beauty."

"Take your foot away, then," replied Sam Tully. "He is lying on his face, and you have knocked all the wind out of his body."

The harpooner removed his foot, and they rolled the senseless man over on his back, and a wild cry of surprise rose as the face of Black Rodger was revealed by the light of the ship lantern. The scoundrel had not been seen since he disappeared so strangely after his first attempt on Dick's life, but here he was in the flesh, senseless under the shock which he had received.

"All the starboard watch, ahoy!" cried one of the mates at the scuttle. "What is the hullabulloo down there? Do you think that the forecastle of a first class whaler is the place for Donnybrook Fair?"

"Come down here, sir," said one of the men. "I want you to see for yourself."

The second mate came down at the invitation, and an invitation is necessary, before any officer cares to enter the forecastle, which is the sailors stamping ground, the place which is his by right.

"What does this mean?" cried the mate.

"It means that this black thief sneaked into the cabin and tried to murder Gentleman Dick," replied Tatty. "Now we've got him, and no one shall interfere, I tell you. We'll take the law into our own hands, Mr. Weston."

"Don't say that, boys," said the mate. "It will be mutiny, and we should be obliged to punish that."

"No, sir;" replied Tatty. "We don't mutiny, and when I tell you who this dog is, you'll say: 'Give it to him.' You've heard tell of Black Rodger Bates, the wrecker?"

"Aye, aye!" roared the men.

"There he lies, then. Do you think he ought to live?"

"Black Rodger!" cried Sam Tully. "Didn't he wreck the Northern Light and drown my brother? Death to the wrecker, and death to the man that saves him."

"I'll go and report to the captain," said the mate, looking at Black Rodger with a lurid smile. "I lost a dear friend in the Northern Light, and have been looking for this man for years. Of course you would not be so wicked as to do him any injury while I am gone."

They understood him but too well. He would not interfere to save the life of Black Rodger, *if they did their work quickly*. Stepping to the side of the senseless man, he looked down into the dark forbidding face, so still and pale.

"You black-hearted dog," he muttered; "you, who set false beacons to lure brave men to their death; robber of the dead and murderer of the dying, you well deserve any fate."

He turned and ran up the companion ladder, leaving Black Rodger to his fate. A dark form glided away before him, and disappeared behind the foresail aft, but he paid no attention to it, and instead of rousing the captain, sat down on the capstan head, looking moodily along the ship's course.

"The bell will strike in ten minutes," he thought. "I'll give them that time, and then rouse the old man."

The second mate was not a cruel man, but he did not know to what he had exposed Black Rodger when he left him in the grasp of the seamen of the Dolphin. He only remembered the dear friend who had died on a rocky beach, lured there by the false beacons of the wreckers. In the forecastle the tars were busy. One man ran up the fore shrouds with a long piece of "half inch" in his hand, which he passed through a block on the foreyard, and then descended rapidly, bringing one end of the rope with him. The other end passed down into the forecastle, and was laid in a running noose at the feet of the unconscious assassin. He began to show signs of life now, and in a few moments more was glaring wildly at the dark faces grouped about him, realizing his fearful danger. Not a face shows pity for him; all are merciless as death.

"Stand up here, you black dog," said Tatty. "We've got you now, and we'll serve you out before we have done with you. Look here; you've tried to murder Gentleman Dick twice, you have; and it ain't your fault that you have failed. What harm has he ever done to you?"

"He whipped me."

"In a fair fight—a boy against a man. Black Rodger Bates, we know you. It is your last hour on earth, for we are going to hang you."

"Mercy, mercy!" screamed the abject wretch. "I did'nt finish him, and you should not take my life. Save me, Tatty; I know that I am wicked, but I am not fit to die."

"Are you fit to live?" demanded Tatty, sternly.

"I'll repent; I'll be a better man from this hour, if you will only save me. Give me a chance to make myself better, and I'll do it. Do you want a slave—one who will do your bidding like a dog, all through your life? I'll be that; I'll lick the dust under your feet, if you will only save my life."

"Mates!" said the harpooner, in a tone of disgust. "I hate a coward worse than I do a murderer. But what can you expect from such a beastly dog as this fellow, who has killed men who have drifted half dead to the beach. We may as well end this now, I think."

"Up with him," cried Sam Tully, hoarsely. "He killed my brother, and I demand to be the one to put the rope about his neck."

"He is yours," replied Tatty. "Do with him as you will."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STARTLING DINNER ACCOMPANIMENTS

A famous French provincial solicitor used to surprise unaccustomed guests by the curious collection of old knives which were used at his table, their poverty and the rudeness of their manufacture forming a marked contrast to the brightness of the silver and the fineness of the linen. When dinner was removed and the dessert placed on the table, the guests, with their tongues loosened by the wine and the genial influence of the host, generally took an opportunity of bringing round the conversation to these knives, and inquiring whether there was any history connected with them. Whereupon the host carelessly remarked that each knife had "served to accomplish its little assassination," and, if the guest was curious, the particulars of the murder in which the particular knife wherewith he had cut his mutton had played its part were forthcoming. In the case of the other host, who was the governor of a convict establishment, the cutlery was guiltless of homicide, but there was a specialty about the servants. The bill of fare placed before each guest had been written by a notary condemned to penal servitude for forgery. It was a murderer who cut up the roast beef; it was a coiner who changed the plates; it was an incendiary who put a match to the punch; and the wine was handed round by a gentleman strongly suspected of having cut his wife up in small pieces while himself in a state of drunkenness.

MANY persons, like a mocking-bird or a blank wall, say nothing of themselves, but give back imperfectly the utterance of others.

THE hidden cistern of the soul may fill fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop of moisture.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 16, 27, 4, 11, 30, 21 is one of the signs of the Zodiac.
My 13, 7, 2, 20, 6, 14 is a city in Italy.
My 9, 36, 21, 17, 37 is a flower.
My 28, 7, 1, 24 is a fruit.
My 32, 1, 22 is a bird.
My 8, 26, 17, 29 is one of the United States.
My 18, 38, 21, 16, 1 is one of the Asteroids.
My 37, 26, 3, 19, 12 is a river in Italy.
My 5, 23, 33, 31 is a time of day.
My 10, 17, 6, 15, 17, 35 is an amusement.
My 18, 34 is a preposition.
My whole is a well known proverb.

JACK.

2.

A mighty potentate am I,
On many a European throne,
Sometimes advised by ministers,
Sometimes an autocrat alone.

My shining visage charms all hearts,
Though somewhat bilious I confess;
Yet keep me while you can—for, 'faith!
In changing me, I oft grow less.

There's scarcely any riddle, friends,
But I'm the key that can unlock it;
For griefs, for ills, I make amends—
May each man have me in his pocket!

ASTLEY H. B.

3.

That I am a king none can dispute,
And my reign is absolute;
Though a tyrant, be it known,
Me they cannot well dethrone.

True it is, as well as strange,
Like a weathercock I change;
Making present things appear,
Ridiculous the following year.

At gay parties I'm no less,
Than the "Lady patroness;"
And in Chestnut street, you'll find me,
Worshipped by society.

By the wise I'm despised,
Being to comfort sacrificed;
Squeezing waist, and pinching toe,
Oftentimes of belle and beau.

I'm an idol of the world,
With my banner still unfurled—
Now, I pray you, guess my name,
And to the POST send the same.

IAGO.

4.

Witty readers of the POST, just listen to my strain,
And find me out a word that two syllables contain;
Now cut it in the middle, and I'm sure surprised you'll be,
For both ends spell the same, and contain of letters three;
Now neatly piece it up, then just turn it round about,
And two syllables you'll find again there's not the slightest doubt;
Next sever it in twain by a well-directed blow,
Then an intoxicating liquor each little end will show.

J. MURDOCK.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A mountain in Sicily; a town in Connaught; a term by which any species is distinguished; and to be found in prayer.

2. One of the Gospels; a river in North America; voice of a serpent; and part of a face.

3. A town in Somerset; a town in Hindoostan; a town in Leinster; and part of a horse's collar.

4. A river in Oxfordshire; part of an animal; imagination; and a chair.

J. RICKO.

CHARADE.

If you desire to view my first,
To Ireland you must go;
But stay—you need not go so far,
And that I'll quickly show.

For, though I'm there, you'll find me here;
My place is on the top.
Though I am never known to harm,
I'm often known to pop.

My second, though we seek its aid,
And without it should be at loss,
It can't be termed a willing slave,
For it requires a deal of force.

My whole you'll find is like my first,
Though never known to reel or topple;
Wherever we together meet,
We're very partial to the bottle.

W. TYRRELL.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola?

2. Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?

3. Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 20.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 14, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—Amherst College.

PUZZLE.—Vivid.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

O
OUR
COREY
CORSAIR
OURSPHINX
DISHING
TRICE
ONE
X

CHARADE.—Cress-scent (Crescent.)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD-PUZZLE.—

LION
INTO
OTTO
NOON

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. — Mother's age, 40; son's age, 20.

ACROSTIC.—1. Georgia, a State. 2. Lynchburg, a city of Virginia. 3. Orange, a county of New York. 4. Raritan, a river of New Jersey. 5. Idlewild, home of N. P. Willis. 6. Annapolis, a city of Maryland. 7. Petersburg, a city of Virginia. 8. Augusta, capitol of Maine. 9. Trenton, capitol of New Jersey. 10. Railway, a city of New Jersey. 11. Indiana, one of the United States. "Gloria Patri" forms my initials.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. The accepted kisses the misses, and the rejected misses the kisses. 2. Because it wants a home ruler. 3. Because, as they are moulded so will they turn out.

THE LOVE-CHEAT.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

She loved me, she said, and she swore it:
She swore it a thousand times;
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

And numberless tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly cheat.

She robbed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes to return
And now, by the fireside lonely,
Her letters I smilingly burn.

For loud are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And she leans on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

Ah, well! let her live and be married;
Her letters are burnt, and I see
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

STONES FOR BREAD.

Mr. Danvers had recovered slowly, until his former strength was restored; and Miriam's wretched anxiety in every respect increased from day to day. The manner of the old gentleman had softened in no degree towards her, even on hearing of the peculiarly distressing loss of her child; and the anonymous intelligence which she herself received in private from the missing boy, was dexterously contrived to increase her wretchedness. Letters, now and then, without post mark or signature, were placed in her hands, and read by eyes blinded with bitter tears. Yet were they written with such grave charges and threats against herself, that she could never show them to any living soul, least of all to the husband who might have aided her.

We give a few brief extracts from these letters:

"Spend your husband's whole fortune—for which you stained your already guilty soul with crimes that can never be forgiven—with detectives and broadcast advertisements as you will, but you will be no nearer recovering your lost child then than now. Should you meet again, it will be only when you are cast out in poverty and disgrace from the position you now falsely hold, and he, the offspring of the man you so foully betrayed, shall spurn you for the shame you have entailed upon him; or else, when his own hard, callous nature, so like your own, shall have brought its speedier punishment upon the man, and he stands a convicted felon before the law."

* * * * * *

"You may be gratified to learn that your son is in every respect like you. He can endure hunger, or cold that would freeze honest blood, with a nerve or an obstinacy wonderful to behold. He lies, even at his age, as coolly and boldly as you have ever done. Steals with a sleight of hand that any juggler might envy, and swears with a proficiency only excelled by your father—Douglas Roscoe, the convict in Australia. So that the time when you can be warned of his whereabouts may not be as distant as we had feared."

* * * * * *

"When through satiety you weary of the splendors around you, and long for a caress from your bright-eyed boy, think on Leonora Danvers, whose ruin you helped to plan—though your too generous husband has never dreamed of *that*—and of Louis Dupre, whom you murdered by your crimes; and believe, yea, *know*, that, like the phantoms of Bosworth Field to Richard, they are crying for vengeance upon you."

* * * * * *

Thus, from day to day, she saw her hopes vanish, and had these cruel thoughts thrust upon her, until life itself grew from a burden to a torture; and she longed for the power of escaping in secret somewhere, no matter under what obscure circumstances, so that she might but shun recovery and exposure. The sympathy of friends began to humiliate her, and the pleasures of fine dress and general display to seem the merest vanity in comparison to the peace of mind which she had lost, and which she was destined never more to recover in this world. Still much of her old, haughty, sinful pride was left, and her struggles were desperate that her enemies should not see how she suffered. Often in the presence of Mr. Danvers, and even of his housekeeper, her tightly compressed lips would stifle a moan; and critical eyes discovered that in place of the natural color which had once been so beautiful, she was beginning to have resource to rouge and other cosmetics. Even Eugene, who in his idolatrous devotion had believed that Miriam could never grow less beautiful, was forced to confess that she seemed less strong than he had ever seen her, and that he felt increasing apprehensions with regard to her health.

Several months had passed in this way, and Miriam still felt an overwhelming presentiment that each day was bringing her nearer to some final calamity, against which she no longer had the power or even the will to struggle. Yet in her efforts at concealment she was by turns morosely silent or feverishly gay, until her manners had lost all of their old, seemingly consistent, infantile charm.

"She has a conscience," thought Mr. Philip Danvers, as he watched her, "and it is beginning to sting her like so many scorpions. I scarcely think she will have the bold audacity to attempt to justify herself to Eugene when he knows all of what she has been guilty."

"He is gaining upon me, and he knows it," groaned Miriam, "or he would never look so cheerful. Will it come and crush me at a single blow, I wonder; or shall I be forewarned?"

The fever of such thoughts at last called back the bloom in a hectic flush to her cheeks, rendering her scarcely less attractive in delicate beauty than she had been in the zenith of full youth and health and splendid triumphs.

Eugene was so much elated by this spurious appearance of reviving strength and courage, that he took heart to leave her for a few days that he might visit a distant city on business of importance. This business was in reality connected with Cecil.

Since the boy's disappearance, honest, loyal Eugene had been the victim of innumerable frauds. Any amount of letters had come, stating that for a certain sum of money the writer would direct him exactly where the child could be found; and when it had been paid, the information would be found to be worse than useless, as it had turned the investigation quite away from the true source. He had been summoned in a hundred different directions to identify the child, and had invariably found his informant mistaken. These seasons of torturing suspense had told so fearfully upon Miriam, who had sometimes accompanied him, that with his accustomed studious tenderness he resolved to spare her every such possible disappointment for the future, and to withhold such doubtful information from her, unless attended with satisfactory results. It was a call of this nature that had summoned him away on the present occasion.

Miriam had become so absorbed in her own fears and anxieties, that she generally found his presence and conversation an irksome restraint, and was glad of any opportunity for undisturbed thought. Now, however, the solitude of her chamber awed her, and there was a strong feeling of self-reproach when she thought how uniformly tender and devotedly attentive he had ever been; while self had always and exclusively occupied her.

"I shall be more considerate for the future," she thought, "and will tell him in good faith how much I think of him. The veriest twaddle would be far less wearisome than this solitude. Thank heaven! he will return to-morrow."

Books had lost their attraction for her, and she had absolutely nothing now to occupy her time. She had gone sometimes in very desperation to her mother-in-law's room. The old lady had sympathized with her deeply, and had loved her for Eugene's sake; but there could be no real confidence even here, and hence Miriam's burden was lightened but little.

Allaine, too, had been much in her thoughts to-day. If she were there, she would still have had some one to whom she might have communicated her secret troubles and misgivings, and who might therefore have spoken some word of comfort; but even that humble instrument of her support had been removed.

"Was not she wiser than I?" she murmured; "for she turned back to meet her fate, while I am palsied with terror lest mine should overtake me."

She took up a book that Eugene had bought for Cecil, and pressing it to her lips, opened it at random. These were the first words that met her eye:

"If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never truly blest."

"Then it will never be mine again," she murmured, drearily. "Never, I know."

She got up and began to pace the floor as usual, when she felt any extraordinary degree of anxiety or depression. The tea-bell was the first sound that disturbed her, and she went out at once.

"Twenty-four hours before Eugene comes," she repeated, as she descended the steps. "Even the society of Philip Danvers will be a pleasant change from the desolate dreariness that has oppressed me to-day."

Mr. Danvers was just entering the front door when she reached the floor; but as Miriam paused, the door-bell rang vigorously, and the master of the house, contrary to custom, turned back. She was pursuing her way when an exclamation from Mr. Danvers fell on her ear.

"Why, Guy, is it possible you have come in person?"

"Yes, Philip," replied a strange voice. "I could not comply with your request without seeing you, and hence I have crossed the ocean to come to you."

"Still another proof of a friendship that has never wavered," said Mr. Danvers, shaking him warmly by the hand as both came into the light. "If I had expected this, I could still have studied no expression that could convey to you one idea of the joy you give me."

Miriam went on into the supper-room, and stood under the gaslight before Mrs. Danvers.

"My dear child," said the latter, "you are ill. What is the matter?"

"Yes," she replied, hoarsely, "I am ill—it seems to me ill unto death. Only let me sit down."

"You had better go into the next room, Miriam, and lie down. I can have tea taken in to you there."

"No," she answered, briefly, "let me drink it here. Pray do not call attention to me. I shall be better in a moment."

Mr. Philip Danvers' step was behind her, Mr. Philip Danvers' voice sounding in her ears.

"Margaret, we have a guest to tea. One that I am sure you will bid heartily welcome for my sake."

Miriam turned, and saw, standing beside her husband's father, a man who might have been a few years his junior, tall and dark, with a thoughtful, melancholy face, and clear, earnest eyes.

Mrs. Danvers, the elder, came forward with ready and cordial *empressement*.

"It is your old friend Mr. Fisher, and I can assure him that my son alone has received a more cordial welcome after a long absence. And speaking of Eugene reminds me, my dear, that we have not presented his wife to our oldest friend. Miriam, my love, make the acquaintance of Mr. Guy Fisher."

Mr. Fisher bowed very low.

"I saw Mrs. Danvers several times, when she was quite a child; and once or wice during the life of her first husband, though I don't think she knew me."

"No," answered Miriam, in a husky tone; "I do not remember."

"I was at Cairo on a business transaction that necessarily threw me a good deal in the society of a man whom I think you honored with your friendship at the time, a person who styled himself Miles Gordon. But my native country does not seem to agree with you, madam; you look thin and pale."

"I have seen trouble enough to change me into a second Niobe, were such a miracle possible in our day," said Miriam, in her most plaintive tone; "but I am still human, and my health has suffered."

"And Eugene?" said the stranger, more cheerfully, evidently wishing to change the subject.

"Eugene does not look a day older than when he left us six years ago," interposed the elder Mrs. Danvers, in the same tone. "He has the same cheerful, sunny temperament, and, being more in love each day, is as happy as a mortal ever is, I reckon. He, too, will be delighted to see you."

Something in Mr. Philip Danvers' face just then seemed to imply that his son *might* be weak enough to regret this meeting for the remainder of his life; but he said nothing to that effect, and the conversation turned to the recent voyage of their visitor.

"Yes," he explained to Mr. Danvers, "you would, I knew, be daily expecting a longer epistle than I could ever have nerved myself to write, and hence suddenly and selfishly concluded that the most pleasant method would be to come to you."

"It need not have been selfish," returned Mr. Danvers, with a grave smile, "for you have also conferred an immeasurably greater happiness upon me."

Miriam nerved herself with a mighty effort, and joined in the conversation with nervous brilliancy as soon as it became general. When they had withdrawn from the table to the sitting-room, the stranger, seemingly unusually attracted, devoted to her the greater part of his attention, and even Mr. Danvers listened to her in silence with fresh surprise and wonder.

Mrs. Danvers, *mere*, was not well, she affirmed, after a little, and must retire; but she was consoled to think her absence would not even be regretted by her husband, as she knew the two friends had many private matters to discuss where other society than their own would scarcely be pleasant.

Mr. Danvers readily assented. His friend Guy had met Dr. Westman on his way up, and the physician had proposed joining them after a little, and the three would spend this evening in his private reading room. Miriam took the hint likewise and withdrew, passing Dr. Westman on her way out.

"What can he want?" she thought, wildly. "Does my husband's father mean to question this man about my life before a third party? Can I wait up there in those hateful rooms, and think that they are laying a snare for me—I may not know what—down here; that my husband's face is never to look upon me again in kindness? No; let it cost me what it will, I must learn the extent of all this man can tell, and then I shall know how to shape my course."

She came back now, and crossing the long hall hurriedly, entered the general library. An opening without doors led from here across into the private section that had been fitted up superbly as Mr. Danvers' own reading room. Specially selected books lined the walls. Journals, home and foreign, were placed upon the tables each day by Parks, and removed as occasion required. There was the red glow of fire in the grate the winter through, and the heat from the furnace diffused a mild autumn temperature in the worst severities of cold, while half a dozen red morocco chairs wooed the student to luxurious comfort.

Near to this charming retreat in the larger library stood several bookcases of exquisitely carved workmanship, so arranged that Miriam might readily secrete herself behind them, and yet overhear any conversation held in an ordinary tone in the other division. Determined at all events to risk it, she had barely screened herself from every chance of observation here, when the footsteps of the three gentlemen echoed on the floor in front of her, and they passed through.

CHAPTER XXX.

LISTENING TO THE STORY OF HER OWN LIFE.

Miriam had been standing for half an hour, thinking that, perhaps, after all, her tiresome vigil had been in vain, when Mr. Danvers himself suddenly introduced the subject that she dreaded to hear.

"I am now," he said, "about to speak upon a subject that has given me more pain than almost any circumstance of my whole life. You will both understand and appreciate my feelings when I tell you that I allude to my son's marriage. I did not know until Guy informed me to-night, Westman, that you knew or had ever heard of this woman's past history; yet I find that he has invited you here to confirm what he has to say."

"Yes," replied Westman; "I was unfortunately but too cognizant of many of the iniquitous deeds of that wicked family. I was astounded at your son's marriage, yet for the sake of our friendship, when it *was* done, I held my peace. I had certainly supposed, however, that you at least knew who her parents were."

"Then she *is* the daughter of Douglas Roscoe, the convict, and of Mary Desieux?"

"Unquestionably; did she not tell you that?"

"No; her mother's early death, and the sudden manner in which she was forced to abandon her guilty father, forbade her learning how much of their histories I knew. So she cleverly attempted to cheat me into the belief that she was the daughter of another Hunter Roscoe."

"That was clever, like her," said Mr. Fisher, slowly. "There was a second Douglas Roscoe, who was frequently called by his middle name of Hunter, who, strangely enough, likewise married the widow of a Frenchman named Desieux, and their daughter became the wife of one of the Dupre brothers."

"Of which of them?" asked Mr. Danvers, eagerly.

"Of Reynard."

"And the woman who married my son?"

"Was the wife of Louis Dupre, who took the name of Reynard, and was made colonel after his brother's death."

"Ah!" Mr. Danvers breathed like a man who is just triumphantly mastering some dark and terrible mystery that has been perplexing him for years. "Then," he exclaimed, sternly, "if the reports of those who knew her be correct there is not a guiltier woman in all New York. I trust to you two to put me in a way to prove them."

"With what object?" asked Guy Fisher, sadly. "They are now married, and if all reports of Eugene's devotion be true, he might not give her up in any event."

"Not give her up!" cried Mr. Danvers, fiercely, "when he shall know that her name has been a public scandal; that she has lied to him and cheated him from beginning to end, and that more than once she has attempted to *take life*. Tell me not that my son could be so weak, so utterly devoid of the pride that belongs to my race, or I shall learn to despise him."

"Listen to me, Philip," said his old friend, slowly. "Heaven knows I have hardly more reason to feel kindly towards her than you, for it was she who helped to drag my poor nephew, Arnold Leslie, into the fearful ruin that engulphed him; but if ever I have seen grief and terror, and perhaps remorse, in a human face, I think I read it in hers to-night. She has been faithful to Eugene, and he trusts her fully. Those old scandals have been buried in a distant land. Will it be wise to resurrect them again, to expose her here, and to cast her out into the world, to become a by-word and a reproach, and to bring a life-time of misery upon your son?"

"Importune me not!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers. "It is positive torture to me to be in the house, to breathe the same air with her. Thank God, no heir has sprung from this accursed union to lay claims to my blood or name. My mind is made up. Eugene shall know her as she is, though I should have to go on foot into Egypt and France to hunt up the evidence that I know exists. It would save time, it might save the exposure of a great many unnecessary details, to learn it here."

"For what purpose?" asked Mr. Fisher.

"That I may speak from authority and let her know that I do so?" he returned, sternly. "I will give her half my fortune to leave the house to-night, and never see my son again; and, by heavens, if she refuses, I will make the law take hold of her."

"Surely not if they are both unwilling," replied his friend, gravely. "In that case the law would be powerless."

"But suppose the first husband still lives?" cried Mr. Danvers. "The anonymous letters I have been receiving gravely hint that she has added the crime of bigamy to her other vices. The bars of our State prison would separate them. On the honor of a man, I look to you, then, Guy, to tell me all that you know this night, that Eugene may be informed before he ever looks upon her face again."

"Ah, I am lost, lost!" moaned Miriam, as she sank down upon the floor, too feeble to stand longer. "The very secrets that have been buried are rising up against me to condemn me."

"I was in Cairo for three years previous to Eugene's visit," began Mr. Fisher, in a tone of evident reluctance, "and the remarkable beauty of this woman, in conjunction with misdeeds laid to her charge, rendered her the common topic of discussion among the natives. Knowing her previous history as I did, that is, the story of her guilty parents' lives, I was touched with some pity for her when she was pointed out to me on the street. She was then the wife of Louis Dupre, and her admirers declared him cruel and insanely jealous without a cause. The men worshipped her for her beauty; but he, on the other hand, was as gallant a soldier as ever drew sabre, and performing prodigies of valor, was promoted until he was ready to wear the honors of the dying colonel. After some time it was rumored that a wealthy Portuguese noble was powerfully enamored of her charms, and that if the new colonel, who was poor, jealous, and if reports were true, sometimes cruel, could have the good fortune to be run through by the sword of an Arab, the Portuguese would make her his wife. It was then that her clever strategy and crime began, and the man Miles Gordon, or really James Graham, was her accomplice. She was not at first willing to attempt her husband's life herself, but she was anxious that the enemy should take it, and under such cunningly devised circumstances as should throw some reflected glory around her. She had agreed to pay Gordon an enormous sum of money if he would enable her to extricate herself from her existing bondage under such circumstances as would enable her to become the wife of her distinguished admirer without positive reproach, and together they laid as clever a scheme as ever failed of success."

"And the adventuress dared espouse *my* son!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers, with set teeth. "But go on. Time presses, and I would hear it *all*."

"Gordon himself told me, as well as the Arab chief whom I afterwards knew," continued Guy Fisher, "that she herself held communications with the enemy, by which she manœuvred to fall a prisoner into their hands. *She had done this, knowing the enemy to be ten to one of the French troops, and that her husband, attempting her rescue, as he would surely do, must inevitably be slain*, for the Arabs had agreed, if they gained the day, to send her as a prisoner of war safely through the lines. But, contrary to the expectations of both sides, her husband's lion-like courage achieved a miracle that day. *The Arabs were driven back*, and she was rescued, though gallant Dupre received a wound that not long after caused his death. The Portuguese gentleman heard the story from the Arabs, and never saw her again. My business being over, I took Eugene, who had been ill with a fever since the day of his arrival, with me to Italy, and left him convalescent there, to return to England. When I heard of him again he was, to my astonishment, already married to the widow, or the *supposed widow*, of Colonel Dupre. I left Westman here a surgeon in the army. He can tell you the remainder of the story."

Mr. Fisher sighed with infinite relief, and Philip Danvers turned with a look of eager inquiry to Dr. Westman.

"There *is* then a sequel?"

"Yes," answered the doctor. "The most astounding, the most nefarious part of the story is yet to come."

"And you have never told me," said Mr. Danvers, reproachfully; "never hinted that you could supply me with information for which I would have given half my fortune."

"Doctors may have many secrets that they should not betray," answered Westman. "And besides I did not know until the arrival of our friend to-day but that the points in my possession were only the unreliable whims of a madman. Your daughter-in-law's first husband died only two months ago."

"Then she is *not* my son's wife," said Mr. Danvers, exultantly. "She is only a wicked adulteress."

"Nay, not so; at least in the eyes of the law," replied the doctor. "It was there that her exceeding cleverness asserts itself. When even I believed Louis Dupre mortally wounded, I left him in her charge for an hour, while the hospital nurses were away, and begged her as she valued his life to see that in his delirium he did not tear away the bandages with which I had secured his wounds, or, as I believed, death must inevitably follow; yet when I came back they had been removed, and a sick soldier who had been left for dead upon another couch assured me, that on recovering his senses he saw her take them off with her own hands, and after a while, when the colonel seemed dead, to rush from the room sobbing hysterically."

"Yet he did not die?"

"No. His time had not yet come, and nothing could kill him. Louis Dupre revived and Madam fled that night with Miles Gordon."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Danvers in a rage. "The brigand who came here, to my house, and bargained to betray her to me for a sum of money. He, too, knew the worst of her crimes."

"Yes," replied the doctor. "And still you are mistaken. Never once has it appeared that she was guilty of a literal violation of her marriage vow. The Portuguese noble of whom you have heard believed her 'as chaste as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple.' And if ever she despised a human being it was Miles Gordon."

"Why then was she guilty of a double crime?"

"Listen. The crime was only in seeming. She cheated Gordon into the belief that Don Juan De Rica had again declared that he would marry her under any circumstances, and that if they should feign an elopement Louis Dupre would be so enraged as to seek an immediate divorce; when she would be free once more to take upon herself the vows of marriage, and that Gordon, on pain of exposure, should claim the half of the marriage settlement, as his reward. The man, shrewd, soulless adventurer that he was, was yet taken in by a woman, and consented. Gordon left the city in one direction, and Madame in another, and they never saw each other again, until they met in your house the night before his death."

"And Louis Dupre, in God's name, what of him?"

"He did obtain a legal divorce at once; and in the fierceness of his wrath invoked the curses of heaven upon her. His impaired health in addition to these excitements threw him into a fever, from which he recovered, but his mind was gone. He was confined as a dangerous madman in a French hospital until his death two months ago."

"She was then legally free to marry again," exclaimed Mr. Danvers. "Was such a diabolical scheme ever invented!"

"In the meantime," pursued Dr. Westman, "her friends believed that she had left her husband in all innocence to look after her father, who lay a condemned criminal in an English jail. She herself was perfectly aware of the fact that she had nothing to hope from De Rica, whose religion if nothing else, would have forbidden him to marry a divorced woman. Dupre she knew was shut up for life in a madman's cell. His friends all believed him dead. I myself had supposed it; until the medical commandant of the hospital sent me a few days since a manuscript with a picture found in the patient's room when he expired. The patient was Louis Dupre, the MS. the story of his life, and the picture *that of your son's wife*. Unaccountably they reached me only by to-day's steamer—that on which our friend arrived—and even then I could not have proved that your daughter-in-law was not the first Reynard Dupre's wife, as she affirmed, instead of the last; for never did two people resemble each other so singularly as she and her cousin. Yet Guy will tell you that the cousin is now in France."

"Can you prove this?" asked Mr. Danvers, eagerly leaning towards his friend.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fisher, positively. "I saw her six weeks ago, and know where she may be found at any time. But the strangest part of it all, Philip, is that the evidence of all these facts was communicated to me by a man whom no one would ever suppose interested in the matter, and who would have forwarded them to you had I not faithfully promised to do so."

"Who was the man?" asked Mr. Danvers; "as God lets me live he shall be richly rewarded, if money can be a recompense."

"He has I fear a less excusable motive, which is revenge," returned the other. "The man was Caspar Lenox, the former protege of my unhappy nephew Arnold Leslie, and the supposed lover of your niece Leonora."

"Only tell me where he may be found," said Mr. Danvers, eagerly. "I must see him, for I am sure he must know something of poor Nora's fate."

"Alas, I cannot inform you, replied Guy Fisher, sadly. "He would communicate with me only by letter, and forbade all allusion to my nephew, declaring that this woman was responsible for the miseries and death of Leonora Danvers, and that her blood cried to you for vengeance."

"And yet she has never mentioned here that she knew Nora," replied Mr. Danvers, amazedly.

"Because she had the difficult task of sustaining the other identity," returned his friend. "Her hurried marriage to Eugene, and your suspicion—for she had not dreamed that you knew anything of her history—all rendered her position the more perilous. Of course we can see now that it was Eugene whom she designed as her victim all the while. She knew that her wonderful beauty had impressed him deeply, when she had seen him at Cairo during his illness. And making Gordon believe that she was going to remain in Lisbon with some friends until De Rica, embracing the Protestant religion, should be free to marry her, she embarked for Scotland; knowing Eugene to be there, through a correspondence which she had contrived to keep up with him all the while, on the very day that she received information of her divorce from her husband. Purposely throwing herself in your son's way, she announced herself a widow, and tearfully appealed to his protection, while she should go to London and seek out some distant relative who might afford her aid. Our friend of other days, the real Hunter Roscoe, was traveling with his family in the East; but had he been there, she would still never have dared approach him. Eugene's chivalrous nature was touched. Her beauty enslaved him at once, as she designed that it should, and he entreated her to give him the indisputable right of a husband to protect her. He urged that the marriage should be immediate as possible, and she naturally enough that it should be strictly private on account of her husband's recent death. In this manner, you will see, that none of your friends or his were notified of the event. I myself heard of it by accident, and to my utter amazement, while he was spending the honeymoon in Brazil."

"Ah! it is all clear enough now," said Mr. Danvers, sternly. "Eugene will spurn her when he knows all. My God, to think of the father of her child lingering in a madhouse, while she as the wife of another had falsely declared him dead. But tell me, Westman, of what nature is the manuscript of which you spoke?"

"It seems that Dupre for several successive days, was really sane before his death," he answered, "and wrote down a true account of his sufferings, and her guilt. The surgeon forwarded them to me when I wrote to inquire about his

patient—when I first saw this woman as your son's wife—on the night of your attack from which you so narrowly escaped. There was scarcely a chance for her to remember me—as she had seen me in a far distant country, in a foreign uniform, and in the capacity of a surgeon—in whom she could feel no possible interest, while her striking beauty would have rendered it almost impossible for me to lose all recollection of her."

"Give me the papers," said Mr. Danvers. "I shall see her to-morrow morning, and with these proofs of her guilt, I shall induce her to leave secretly before Eugene's return. This elopement with that unprincipled scoundrel, Gordon, whether real or feigned, as the grounds of her divorce, would be enough to change even his love into contempt and loathing. It is a terrible duty, but I must face it. Guy," he continued, rising, "may I ask you to spend the night here. It is late, and I know you are fatigued."

"I am fatigued," he replied, with a sigh, "but under the circumstances, as I am sure you will excuse me, I shall accompany Westman as far as my hotel. And now, old friend, I ask you once more, do you still think it will be best to enlighten Eugene?"

"For the honor of my house, yes," replied Mr. Danvers, sternly. "My son's wife! would have like Cæsar's, not only innocent but above suspicion; and this woman's name and soul are stained with crimes that cry aloud for retribution."

No need, O Philip Danvers, to devise human means for the execution of God's vengeance. It has overtaken her already. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 4.—THE HORNED OWL.

In the grounds which stretch out on the west side of Ehrenfels, two persons are in close converse; the first of these being the mistress of the castle herself—the Lady Ida Greinstein; the other, her companion, is Paul Frantzman—a young and handsome man of three-and-twenty, who has but just arrived at the castle, to which he has been somewhat hastily summoned, in consequence of the serious illness of its owner.

The stately house of Greinstein had towered for years, like some monster oak, to the heavens, spreading its green branches over the earth, and thrusting aside every neighbor. But the word went forth, and the worm struck. By a succession of deaths, the wealthy and flourishing house of Greinstein was, at the period of which we treat, reduced to Sir Mathias, the owner and occupier of Ehrenfels, his wife and only daughter, Oena; the first-named being, at this time, so weak and prostrate, as to occasion serious misgivings to the two surviving members of his house.

"I cannot tell you how surprised and pained I was when your messenger arrived with the sad intelligence," said Lady Ida's companion. "Of a surety, the malady must have been indeed sudden, since I left Sir Mathias hale and well not many days ago."

"Alas! yes," she returned. "It has been sudden, Paul; and what renders it more perplexing is, that my poor husband seems to be laboring under an impression that he can never recover."

"I only hope I may succeed in cheering the flagging spirits of one whom I have learned to esteem and respect so highly."

"I hope also—indeed, Paul, to say the truth, that is my only solace; but, at times, I begin to despair."

"My dear lady, at this early stage——"

"Hush! say no more!" interrupted his companion. "Pardon me, which you would readily do if you knew all."

Paul Frantzman looked at the speaker in evident surprise; and after this the two walked on, without exchanging any further observations.

Frantzman was ill at ease. He felt assured that there was some mystery lurking behind, which, for divers reasons, he did not endeavor to penetrate.

He knew the Lord of Ehrenfels was wealthy, and that he was, moreover, an honorable and upright gentleman. What necessity could there be for concealment, and what could the Lady Ida mean by his knowing all? These thoughts rushed through his brain. He was engaged to Oena, Sir Mathias' only daughter, and this fact, in itself, was sufficient to warrant him in demanding an explanation. But, kind and gentle as he was by nature, he forbore from touching upon a subject which might necessitate the exposure of some family secret.

"You will see Sir Mathias?" said his companion, once more breaking the silence, which had, perhaps, become painful to both.

"If it so please you," he answered, "as soon as may be convenient."

"I will let him know that you have arrived, and——"

She paused suddenly, grasped her companion by the arm, and uttered a half-suppressed scream.

"What is the matter? I pray you not to keep me in suspense. What is amiss, Lady Ida?"

"See yonder! What is that?" She pointed with her forefinger to the window of her husband's sick chamber.

"What? Some bird—an owl, I think," said Paul Frantzman.

"Look again. Tell me if it is an owl or not."

"It is an owl," he answered.

Lady Ida's face was deathly pale; her limbs trembled; and she seemed to be so completely overcome by some powerful emotion, that her companion believed she was about to swoon. He conducted her to a rustic seat in the shrubbery, and strove to reassure her as best he could; at the same time, however, he was wholly at a loss to account, in any satisfactory manner, for the extraordinary change that had come over her.

"Surely, you are not scared at the sight of a harmless bird?" he murmured.

"Yes, I am terribly alarmed. It is a bird of ill omen," she ejaculated—"of ill omen, Paul!"

"Let us enter the castle," said the young man. "You are cold, and trembling; accept my arm, and we will return."

She obeyed mechanically, without making any further remark. As they were about to enter, an aged domestic came forth, and said Sir Mathias wished to speak with his lady.

"I will attend him," answered the Lady of Ehrenfels.

"May I be permitted to accompany you?" inquired Frantzman.

Lady Ida bowed, and the two proceeded to the chamber of the prostrate knight.

Paul Frantzman was but ill-prepared for the change that had come over his friend within the last few days. Indeed, it appeared impossible that such havoc could have been made with any one in so brief a period; nevertheless, the young man endeavored to speak cheerfully and encouragingly to the sinking Sir Mathias, who answered by a sickly smile, saying, the while:

"It's all of no avail; the good wishes of my friends, and leeches, medicaments, cannot avert the fate which surely awaits me. A messenger has been sent to fetch me, and I must perforce obey."

"What mean you?" inquired Frantzman, with a puzzled air.

"I have seen it—the owl! When a Greinstein is about to pass away, the fact is announced to him by the horned owl! My time is come!"

"You cannot be so weak as to give way to so idle a superstition!" exclaimed his visitor, "Oh, sir, consider——"

"I have considered—in the lonely hours of the night, and in broad day, when the meridian sun was shining," interrupted Sir Mathias; "but I have found it impossible to disregard the omen, which I have been hourly expecting. It has appeared to me not many minutes ago—a large owl came flapping its ominous wings against the casement of my chamber. I know the rest."

"Sir Mathias, I conjure you not to lay any stress upon so common a circumstance as a stray bird hovering without the walls of your castle," said Frantzman.

The sick man shook his head, and grasped the hand of the speaker, but arguments and persuasions were alike unavailing to set aside the fatal superstition that had taken possession of the unhappy Sir Mathias.

Lady Ida and Frantzman remained with him till he sank into a deep sleep, when the latter left the sick knight in charge of his lady, who watched by the bedside of her husband throughout the anxious and weary hours of that fatal night.

When morning came, Sir Mathias Greinstein was stretched on his couch, cold and dead.

* * * * * *

"This appears to me, of all things I have ever seen or heard tell of, the most strange and incomprehensible," said Paul Frantzman to Hubrock, an old and faithful servant of the deceased Sir Mathias. "There must be some dreadful mystery which has yet to be divulged."

"There is!" said Hubrock, sententiously.

"Ah! I thought so; and you know it?"

The other assented by a nod.

"But it is a secret, I suppose?"

"Yes; but one which you, more than any other man, ought to know."

"Ah!" ejaculated Frantzman, wheeling back his chair some paces from the speaker.

"Yes. Shall I tell it you?"

"No."

"No! Why not?"

"Because I do not desire you to do so without having, as a preliminary, obtained the consent of her ladyship."

"I have her consent."

"That is enough. Proceed with your story."

"It is not a story," observed the old man, "but a detail of facts which are incontrovertible. You must know," said he, "that very many years ago, an ancestor of my poor deceased master, Sir Ottoric Greinstein by name, was as renowned for his deeds in the tented field as he was for his jealous and overbearing disposition. He married a lady of great beauty, who was, however, far beneath him in position. She was, in fact, the daughter of a commoner. Notwithstanding this, her husband had evinced, on more than one occasion, symptoms of jealousy. When the clouds of civil war overshadowed our land, and brother was fighting against brother, Sir Ottoric was absent from Ehrenfels, doing good service as a commander of the King's forces. Many were the forays and faction fights that took place in this and the surrounding districts.

"A blood-stained, wounded, and fugitive knight presented himself at the gates of Ehrenfels, and sought protection within its walls. Sir Ottoric's lady, being possessed of a tender and womanly nature, gave him shelter, and had him secreted in an apartment of one of those towers of the castle which look over the Rhine. For many days he remained a close prisoner, not daring to venture forth, in consequence of his opponents or enemies being in the immediate neighborhood. I believe, during this time, that the mistress of Ehrenfels never once paid him a visit. A faithful domestic of the castle took him food and refreshment daily, and saw to his wants; and it was thus that the rites of hospitality were afforded to one whose name and quality were unknown to even one solitary individual within the walls of Ehrenfels. Now it so chanced that Sir Ottoric, returning from the wars, observed, one evening as he neared his ancestral home, the head of a man peering forth from one of the narrow windows of the western tower. When, upon closer inspection, he found the strange guest within his castle to be none other than the eldest son of one of his most bitter enemies, infuriated beyond measure at the discovery, and it may be at the same time tortured with the pangs of jealousy, Sir Ottoric raised his crossbow to his shoulder, and took steady aim. The feathered shaft flew towards its destined mark with unerring precision, and entered the forehead of the ill-fated prisoner of the western tower, who reeled back a few paces, and then fell upon his couch, where he was afterwards found dead. Sir Ottoric, wild with fury, suddenly presented himself to his wife, and assailed her with a torrent of vituperation. The unhappy lady was at a loss to understand the cause of his anger, for he did not condescend to enter into particulars. Ultimately she became so alarmed that she flew from him and rushed out into the court-yard, whither she was followed by her infuriated lord, who pointed to the open window of his victim's chamber, telling her at the same time how he had slain the ill-fated prisoner. Upon this, his unhappy wife hastened at once to learn the truth, which was but too painfully manifest upon her beholding the dead body of the murdered man on the couch where he had fallen upon receiving his death-wound. Knowing herself to be guiltless of the foul accusations made by her husband, she answered him wrathfully for the first time in her life, and appealed to the inmates of the castle to exonerate her from blame by telling all they knew about the wounded soldier she had sheltered. An explanation followed, and Sir Ottoric found, when it was too late, that he had permitted his passion to get the better of his reason, and that he had cruelly slain an honorable young man, whose only crime had been seeking shelter within the walls of Ehrenfels. He was, however, too proud to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and so mounted his steed, and rode back to the camp without more ado.

"His unhappy wife awaited not his return. She fled the country, and, it is supposed, went back to her relations, in Switzerland; any way, she never troubled Sir Ottoric again."

"But the owl," said Frantzman; "what has all this to do with that bird of ill omen?"

"Wait awhile, and you shall hear," answered his companion. "The entrance to the narrow chamber or cell which had been occupied by the murdered man, was bricked up by the order of Sir Ottoric. Had this not been the case, the probability is that no one would have cared to enter it, for it had an evil repute; the consequence was, that as time went on, the owls began to take possession of it. They pulled all the wool out of the mattress to make their nests, and tore the stuffing out of the chairs without any one attempting to interfere with them. In the course of time, a complete colony of these birds had collected within the Prisoner's Chamber, as it was called; the name, however, has since been altered to the 'Owl's Roost.' Now, when Sir Ottoric died," said the narrator, sinking his voice to a little above a whisper, "he was warned of his approaching end by the presence of a large horned owl. Indeed, I have been told that the bird flew into his window, and perched upon his head, and that, after death, those in attendance upon him had great difficulty in removing the owl, so firmly were its talons entwined in the long hair of the deceased knight. Since that day many representatives of the house of Greinstein have passed away, but not one has gone to his account without first of all receiving warning from the horned owl."

"Not one?"

"No. In every case the owl has made its appearance. It has been the fatal signal. One by one as years have gone by, the Greinsteins seem to have faded away from the living things of the earth. My dear and kind master, than whom a better never lived, was the last male representative of the line. Indeed, but the history I have been telling you here, young sir, is a sad one, but it is meet that you should know it, for many reasons, *albeit* I am sure it must oppress you to hear these things."

"I frankly confess it does, my friend," answered Frantzman; "and I should have but little respect for the truth if I were to say otherwise. I am not naturally superstitious; still, at the same time, one cannot put aside facts, or be utterly oblivious to the event of the past. Accept my best thanks for your candor."

"My lady desired me to make you acquainted with these circumstances," said the old man, in a quiet way. "Therefore, you are not indebted to me for this strange revelation. I've been in the family, man and boy, for upwards of fifty years, and have consequently been witness to many changes. Your servant, sir, but I will be leaving you now," observed Hubrock, rising from his seat.

Paul Frantzman soon found himself alone in the apartment known as the library. His spirits were a little dashed, and, despite philosophy, he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that he had some misgivings with regard to the future. He was enamoured of Oena Greinstein; she was his betrothed. Did she know of the fatality that appeared to have fallen upon her house? If so, why had he not been made acquainted with it before? He was perplexed and troubled, and knew not very well at that time how to act. As an honorable man, he could not retract or rescind his engagement. While meditating within the library, he was startled by the library door being opened, and Oena herself walked slowly and sadly towards him. Frantzman rose to his feet, and advanced towards his beauteous companion.

"Hush!" she said, laying her soft hand on his. "I have heard all, and it has strengthened a resolve I made some time ago. I marry no man, unless it be you, but, as that must not be——"

"My dear Oena! must not be?" ejaculated her admirer, in a deprecating tone.

"Shall not be," she answered; "not under any circumstances. I release you from your engagement."

"But why this sudden resolve? You are not in earnest; but are just now so borne down with grief, that you know not what you say. Is that it?"

"I am borne down with grief," she answered, mournfully. "But I know well enough what I say, and was never more in earnest. I have but one favor to ask of you, which you will not deny me?"

"I cannot refuse you anything; you know that," he replied.

"Then you promise?"

"What, unconditionally?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now the favor?"

"That you resign me without a murmur. I intend to enter the Convent of the Ruppertsberg."

Not caring to wait for an answer, the fair young creature glided out of the library, and once more Paul Frantzman found himself alone.

He was too much attached to Oena, the deceased knight's daughter, to resign her upon any trivial pretext. Nevertheless, he was sorely troubled when he reflected upon all the strange circumstances connected with the house of Greinstein; these were of a nature which rendered his proposed alliance neither promising or satisfactory. But in that dark hour love was triumphant, and he ultimately came to the resolution of espousing the beautiful Oena at all hazards—that is, assuming he could persuade her to forego her resolution of taking the veil. The night wore wearily away. Lady Ida Greinstein did not make her appearance, but she sent a message by one of her attendants, the purport of which was a desire that he would remain till the following day, when her ladyship would confer with him upon a topic which nearly concerned them both. Soon after this, Frantzman retired to rest. On the following morning he found Lady Ida in the breakfast-room. She was alone when he entered, and received him with every demonstration of kindness and friendship. After they had partaken of the morning's repast, and conversed upon different topics, her ladyship rose from her seat, and said, "Let us repair to the shrubbery, Paul. It is meet that you should learn all."

Frantzman offered his arm to the mistress of Ehrenfels, and the two strolled in the grounds by the side of the castle.

"You have heard the dreadful history and know full well the terrible curse which has fallen upon our house, but the sequel is even still more appalling."

"Madam! my lady!" exclaimed Frantzman, "what mean you? Doubtless, you allude to Oena's resolve. Hear, for one moment, if you please. I have considered the matter calmly over, and do not feel disposed—nay, I will not give her up!"

"You must!" ejaculated his companion.

"Must!" he returned, quickly; "and wherefore, I pray you?"

"Because the young warrior who received his death-wound from the rash and cruel Sir Ottoric was an ancestor of yours. It is only within the last few hours that this dreadful fact has been known to me. The venerable father of the convent gave me the unwelcome information."

Paul Frantzman was astounded when he heard this climax to the woes of his unhappy companion. He then and there resigned all right and title to the hand of his betrothed, who, in a few days after this intercourse, bid adieu to the world, and entered the convent formed by the Lady Hildegard. He eventually married a rich and titled lady, by whom he had a numerous family. By the time his sons and daughters had grown up, the race of Greinstein had passed away.

FROM THE GRAVE.

Excellent material for a sensation story is furnished by the following well-established facts of a case where a person was buried alive. Victorine Lafourcade, young, beautiful and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Among them was a journalist, named Jules Bossouet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly, Victorine, contrary to all expectation, accepted the hand of a rich banker, named Renelle. Bossouet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his lady-love was unhappy. Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her. This state of things lasted two years, when Victorine died—at least, so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossouet assisted at the ceremony. Still true to his love, and well-nigh beside himself with grief, he conceived the romantic idea of breaking open the vault and securing a lock of the deceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery, and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. When he had broken open the door and entered the vault he lighted a candle, and proceeded to open the coffin. At the moment when he bent over the supposed corpse, scissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; but, immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lips with kisses, lifted her out, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in the full possession of all her faculties. When Victorine was sufficiently recovered they left the churchyard and went to Bossouet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to effect the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossouet's love naturally made a deep impression on Victorine. She repented of her past fickleness, and resolved to fly with the romantic Jules to America. There they lived happily together without, however, ever being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land. Finally their desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the dangers attendant on a return, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognise her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier and recognised Victorine at the first glance. This strange drama ended with a suit brought by the banker for the recovery of his wife, which was decided against him on the ground that his claim was outlawed.

BREACHES OF PROMISE IN JAPAN.—The curious bold superstition has on the mind of the Japanese is very well illustrated by the proceedings taken by a Japanese damsel when her lover proves false to his vows. When the world is at rest, at two in the morning, the woman rises. She dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover; and in her right she grasps a hammer and nails, with which she fastens the figure to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that, if her petition be heard, she will herself pull out the nails which now offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two or more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life; for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead.

LENDING BOOKS.—When Sir Walter Scott lent a book out of the house, which was seldom, he took a piece of wood, the size of the volume, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, as the case might be; pasted on one of the edges a slip of paper, on which were written the title of the work, borrower's name and place of abode, date of lending, and day on which it ought to be returned, and put this on the shelf whence the book had been removed, and there it stood, a record and a reminder, until the volume was returned. This was a great check upon borrowing, and may be advantageously applied in any latitude.

THE THREE STATUES.—In ancient times there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood, and, according to the popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory—a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of time stands man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and silver, a miracle of art.

MANY a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine.

FACETIÆ.

How to meet a man of doubtful credit—Take no note of him.

AN unpleasant sort of arithmetic—Division among families.

IF a Texas steer gores a lady's red dress, what redress has she?

NOTHING so much destroys a man's peace of mind as to hear a woman express an intention to give him a piece of hers.

A PUNSTER and admirer of fine scenery has wittily and truly said that the best time to read the book of nature is when Autumn turns the leaves.

WHEN a man (says one who has experienced it) is in the act of lifting his hat to a lady whom he supposes is an acquaintance, it requires some tact to make believe that he is only scratching his head when he discovers that the lady is a stranger.

WOMAN'S PRIVELEGE—AN EPIGRAM.
Three things to womankind belong,
This universe of ours all over;
And from their use, or right or wrong,
Not all the universe may move her.
The first, to tease her faithful lover;
The second to coquette; the third—
And that which oft'nest we discover—
To argue points the most absurd,
And, right or wrong, *to have the latest word.*

GOOD ADVICE.—Boswell once asked Johnson if there was a possible circumstance under which suicide would be "justifiable."

"No," was the reply.

"Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of fraud that he was certain would be found out?"

"Why, then," said Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known; and not to the devil, where he is known."

COURTING.—"Oh, la me, Sewke, I wish I was a cape."

"A what, Jonathan?"

"A cape—a nice muslin cape."

"La! Jonathan, you're so quar."

"Well, I gues I feel quar any how."

"Oh, you tarnal critter, you knows what I mean. I wish I was a slick little cape—I doz."

"What for?"

"Give me a kiss and I will tell you."

"Oh!—I'm skeered, too. But you're to take only jist one. Now tell."

"Coz then I'd give myself to you, and you'd put me right round that purty neck of your'n."

THE DEAR DEPARTED.—Recently two elderly Scotch maiden ladies, of a believing, faithful, and rather superstitious turn, being from the "Highlands," were startled out of their senses owing to a revelation, made to them by an old gentleman travelling in the same carriage, as to the history of an air-cushion which he carried on his lap with the utmost anxiety lest any one should touch it.

"That air-cushion," he said to his fellow-passengers, in a voice husky with emotion, "contains the last breath of my dear departed wife. She expired in a fit immediately after the effort of blowing it out. I beg, ladies, that you will not meddle with it."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—"Where were you all this afternoon?" inquired the master.

"No where," answered the boy, carelessly.

"*No where!*" echoed the master, assuming a very wise look, and casting his eyes around the room, to see if the boys noted him—his custom always when about to utter an impressive remark. "That *no where* must be a great place, for a good many boys go there, I find. But how came you to go there, Patrick?"

"Because," answered the little delinquent, "I had *no where's* to go, and so *I went there!*"

A loud laugh from the whole school followed, in which the master heartily joined.

UNREASONABLY MISERABLE.—A gentleman, walking through one of the suburbs of London, one day, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:

Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel! I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I had never been born, that I do; and now that I am born, I wish myself dead again."

Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?"

Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer, I'm as miserable as a rat?"

Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blest if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer, I'll be blasted if I know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel ere upon the hearth."

A PIECE OF HIS MIND.—In our peregrinations through town the other day, we overheard a man relating to a party of listeners the manner in which he had used up an adversary once upon a time.

"You see, we had had warm words before about a horse bargain, and I made up my mind that the very next time I saw him I would give him a piece of my mind in a way that he would understand, and if he didn't like it, why, he could do the other thing. So soon as I saw him across Pine street yesterday, I says, 'You mean sneak,' says I."

"Right to him?"

"No, not right to him, exactly, for he wasn't within hearing; but I says to him to myself, 'You mean, contemptible sneak, if I served you as you deserved, I should give you such a dressing as you wouldn't forget in a hurry.'"

"He didn't hear this, did he?"

"Course he didn't hear it; I said it in my own mind. Says I, 'Oh, you needn't look at me so; I mean what I say. Just come over here, you sneaking cheat.'"

"Did he come over when he heard that?"

"How could he hear it, when I said it to myself?"

"Oh, I forgot you said all this to yourself."

"Yes; and I'd have said more to him if he had come over. I shook my fist at him and said——"

"Did he see you shake your first at him?"

"Why, no; I reckon not. You see, he had gone into a store. If he had been man enough to take it up, and come over and ask me what I meant by calling him such names, I would have skinned him."

OLDEN TIMES.

Who among our extravagant young ladies in these boastful times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved) worth $400,000. Then there was a Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, who used to wear jewels when she returned her visits, worth $300,000. Cicero, who was comparatively a poor man in those times, gave $1,500,000 for his establishment on the Palatine; while Messala gave $2,000,000 for the house of Antony. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth $120,000,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly $120,000,000. Cæsar and Marc Antony both owned wonderful fortunes. Why, they talk about a man's failing in New York for a million dollars as if it were a big thing. Cæsar, before he entered any office, when he was a young gentleman in private life, owed $4,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Quæsar for $2,500,000. Marc Antony owed $1,500,000 on the Ides of March, and paid it before the Kalends of March. This was nothing. He squandered $720,000,000 of public money. And these fellows lived well. Esopus, who was a play-actor, paid $400,000 for a single dish. Caligula spent $400,000 on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them were sold for twenty dollars an ounce. Dishes were made with gold and silver, set with precious stones. The beds of Heliogabulus were of solid silver, his tables and plates were of pure gold, and his mattrasses, covered with carpets of cloth and gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge. It took $80,000 a year to keep the dignity of a Roman Senator, and some of them spent $5,000,000. And yet we talk about the extravagance of modern times.

THE most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide is, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

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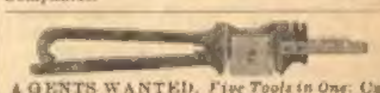

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The Boudoir — Fashion Notes & Queries

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

Says an old and true proverb, "It is the little things in life that count"—which may be applied with equal truth to the small details of style and fashion.

At the commencement of a new season we find ourselves watching eagerly the "Openings" for the decision as to what we shall wear—what shall be the shape of our bonnets, or the cut of our robes. As time passes on, or rather the season advances, little modifications have so crept in, new fancies have cropped out here and there from the fertile brains of our modistes, such as the placing of a plume, the droop of a flower, the shape of a bow, which have so combined to give a new appearance to the articles of dress to which they appertain, that we find ourselves perplexed over the apparently sudden and numerous changes. Upon a closer investigation, we find that we are mistaken—the foundation, shape, or principle first inaugurated remains the same, and we discover, to our great relief, that the "love of a hat" which we so eagerly secured at Madame So-and-So's opening is not a *passe* shape, because the brim is looped at the side when the latest models arrived, say last week, have brims turned up in front, and no streaming ends behind. Upon a comparison of the two styles, we find that when one side brim is lowered, the front coquettishly pinned up, (just to try how it does look,) the hats are alike. How charming! And so with our dresses. A few weeks ago a fair friend of ours ordered a lovely silk suit from Paris; it came in due time, with a long apron overskirt completing the costume. Last week another friend received a similar suit with a very short overdress or tablier. Fair dame No. 1 was cast into bluest depths of despair by the sight of the costume of No. 2. Very flatteringly she appealed to our judgment as to which *was* the style, "for you know," she said emphatically, "there is always a very decided fashion in the overdress; it must be worn long or short—the two extremes of either fashion do not prevail at the same time." Picture to yourselves, fair friends, the horns of our dilemma! We wished to pour balm into each troubled spirit. Accordingly, with the illustrious example of Solomon before us as precedent, we said, "Bring forth the robes!" Here the analogy ceases, however. We examined both with an eye at once critical and femininely keen. We asked and obtained permission to notice certain mysterious tapes, to remove a bow or two, to smooth gently with our hand certain folds and plaits. Lo, a miracle! The overskirts laid side by side are the same in shape. The difference consisted in the looping and draping of the one, while the other had been allowed to fall plainly, and out to its full depth—sequel—smiles and contentment of Mrs. T—, slight ruffle of dissatisfaction upon the countenance of Mrs. J—, who remarked *sotto voce:* "I did think mine *was* a little newer in shape than hers." "So it is," we reply, "in draping and style of ornament, but you see the foundation is similar, and your friend's can be altered to appear as yours does with but little trouble." We have alluded to this little incident for the benefit of some of our fair readers who have been a little perplexed by such small alterations in style.

We have seen some very graceful basque models from Paris, lately—modifications only of such as we received as reigning styles or modes—for instance, one basque, belonging to a rich black faille, was cut with four forms behind, instead of the plain French back, which has but one seam. Each of the four forms were extended to the depth of half a yard below the waist, then gathered or shirred on each side, and after being drawn up until the depth of the tuft or form, was reduced to nine inches. A plain lining of silk was sewed underneath, which held it well in place. A fringe of heavy twist, mingled with a jet, edged each tab, and a crochet button, jet sprinkled, was placed at the waist on either side of the middle seam. The neck was finished with a high round collar, ending in front with puffing, which extended down each side, and simulated a rest. The sleeves were made with a large bias puff at the shoulder and two shirred puffs at the wrist, which ended at the outer seam in two tabs, edged with a fringe to correspond with that upon the tabs at the back. Another was made cuirass shape, fitting very plainly and tightly over the hips. It was part of a costume of reddish blue faille, and was trimmed with rows of fine silk gimp, jet studded. These rows of trimming were placed at regular intervals over the whole basque, following the outline of the figure. The sleeves were crossed diagonally with similar rows as far as the elbow. A deep square cuff turned up from the wrist and met the trimming. It was ornamented with three rows of the gimp which followed the outline of the cuff. Yak lace, four inches deep, edged the basque and cuffs, and was quilted or plaited into a double ruff for the throat. The rest of this costume was so noticeable for its style, that we will give a description of it: The front of the underskirt was laid in deep box plaits. The back was plain, and untrimmed, attached to the waist by one large triple box plait, which we described in a previous Boudoir. The overdress was a long square apron, trimmed with rows of braid, laid in groups of four, the lower edged with Yak lace as far up as within four inches of where the basque fronts fell. The back of the overskirt was divided into two long sash ends, each a half yard in width, trimmed only at the bottom. These were looped by tapes underneath to form the bouffant back now so popular abroad. A *distingue* basque of black velvet and matelasse silk, was made in this wise. It came well down over the hips and fitted tightly in the back, but fell a little loosely in front. A Louis Quatorze vest of the silk was introduced, buttoned with crochet buttons, and closing up to the throat quite high. The velvet fronts were caught together just at the bust by a large double bow of faille, and falling away from thence disclosed to view the silk vest. The neck had a high round collar of the silk, ending in deep revers upon the bust. A row of large crochet buttons was placed down either side of the velvet fronts. Deep cuffs of the silk, with a large double bow of faille on the outer seam, finished the loose coat sleeve. An underskirt of matelasse silk, with a plain deep overdress of velvet, trimmed with bows of faille placed up the front, was worn with this basque.

A charming hat of dark blue velvet had the front and left side looped up. The rim was piped with pale blue gros grain. A cluster of tea roses without foliage was placed a little to the left of the front, and a similar cluster directly at the back. A large double bow of velvet, lined with the silk, was set directly in front, and just below it a tiny humming bird, so life-like and cunning, one might think it had just alit in search of a flower. An aigrette of heron feathers and a small ostrich tip were disposed among some loops at the back.

No streamers of any kind are popular with Parisian belles this season for the adornment of hats and bonnets. Compactness seems to be the thing desired, and simplicity of trimming rather than a superabundance.

A pretty collarette was made heart-shaped and of alternate frills of finest Nainsook and Valenciennes lace laid in knife-edge pleats. A double bow of pink faille was placed at the point where the pleatings met upon the bosom. The undersleeve to match this collarette had also pleatings of Nainsook and Valenciennes lace, and was open on the outer seam, where was placed a bow to correspond with the bow upon the collarette. Cravats of fine Nainsook or twist, edged with Valenciennes or Malines lace, are much worn over bright-colored ties of twilled India silk.

Little boys wear very large deep collars of linen edged with guipure, Valenciennes or Cluny lace, and ties of twilled silk. Little girls wear the same with sailor suits. At other times they wear ruffs and frills, like their mammas. Everything is worn very high in the neck this season. NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS R.—Violet would be quite becoming worn with your golden hair and blonde tints.

ANNETTE L.—Vigogne is a woolen stuff, and very much worn abroad. It is said that long plain apron overdresses will be more worn with costumes made of cloth or woolen stuff. For silk it is preferred to loop and drape the apron until short.

MRS. G. M.—You can trim your velvet underskirt or wear it plain, just as your fancy may suggest. If you trim it, we would suggest bias folds of moire or faille, and rows of jet trimming interspersed. We think, however, that the plain skirt would be in better taste.

MISS P. L.—You can very readily have your polonaise stamped for braiding any pattern that you desire. Of course, it will be less expensive to braid it yourself. Soutache is the handsomest for silk, though star braid is also good. An arabesque pattern or else palm leaves would be appropriate.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

No. 6.—ACROSS THE SANDS.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

A thin, watery moon apparently scudding across a wide, pale sky; a lonesome and fitful wind blending the perfumes of the tropics, and scenting the whole night air, and two horsemen thundering across the desert plain in a race for life. How the loose shifting sands weary the panting steeds; and who can fancy the fiery regrets, the saddened memories, blending with the first fierce law of nature—self-preservation.

Far away to the right of them, are clumps of magnificent ferns; far away to the left of them the wattle shakes her flowers of gold; yonder, in front, a line of forest—the trees looped and arched and trailing with vines of luxuriant tropical verdure; behind, a cloud of rising and drifting sand covering a fierce pursuit.

The background—the perspective of the picture—was striking and beautiful, but gladly enough would Corney O'Donnel and myself have dropped out of the foreground of the scene, had such a thing been possible.

"I'm not sure, Mic," gasped Corney, reeling about in his saddle, "if I can hold on above a bit more, I'm beat entirely."

"Pluck up, man, where's your pride!" I shouted back, "think of the end."

"Arrah! I'm for doing the same; it's close aboard us, Mic—close aboard."

The faltering tones of the brave fellow filled me with dismay. Probably his wound had been bleeding afresh; and come what would, I must rein up abreast of him.

"They're fairly in sight, Mic?"

"Yes."

"And very near?"

"Not yet, but gaining rapidly."

"And the foreninst fringe of wood?"

"Ten miles away."

"It's no use, Mic, me boy, with the sands a heavin' and tossin' about the plain in a sickenin' way. I'm goin' clean blind—no use, no use."

I saw that he was almost falling, and I sprang from the saddle, although I realized that I was, without doubt, sealing my own death warrant in the act; and with the lariat attached to my saddle-bow, I bound him to his horse.

"If I only had my brandy flask," I thought; but that was keeping company with the rest of my regimentals in the hands of the outlaws.

It had been the greatest practical joke—if one has a humor in his blood to view it thus—that was ever perpetrated upon mortal man.

We had retaken two escaped convicts after several days of persistent beating about the bush. They were ironed and delivered over to a small squad of soldiers, to be taken across the country and united with a chain-gang about to be transported to Tasmania. At the moment of departure, the soldiers were called off by an imperative demand elsewhere, and O'Donnel and myself, foolishly self-confident, undertook to escort them ourselves.

The route was toilsome in the extreme, and we proceeded forward for the first forty-eight hours without my thinking to catch a moment's sleep.

The fact was, I did not like to trust easy, rollicking Corney to stand picket guard, but finding that I was taxing my strength entirely too far, on the third night, with repeated cautions, I gave up the charge of the prisoners to my companion. I was awakened from a deep sleep by a slight scuffle near me, and on attempting to spring up, I was knocked back by an iron fist, and beheld the grim, uncompromising visage of the gigantic outlaw near me.

I instantly divined the changed relations of things, and offered no resistance. A struggle would have been useless, with two hundred pounds of outlawed flesh and blood astride my chest. In less than half an hour there was a complete change of base; we were habited in their convict garb, while they donned our military outfit with no alteration, save to give an abominable slouch to our well-formed hats. We were secured by means of the rope which was attached to our accoutrements.

At first I had been too much surprised at events, besides being angry with both Corney and myself at the state of affairs, to take in the full meaning of what might follow this unexpected development.

Then a fierce terror seized me as movements were made to push onward. As fate had so far favored them, no doubt it would do so unto the end, and they would find means to crop off our hair, passing us into the chain-gang as outlawa, themselves personating our escort.

I must confess that never in all my life was I so bankrupt of hope as when this revelation dawned upon me. I soon learned that O'Donnel, in the struggle to retain possession of his knife, had been severely wounded in the arm, from which he had suffered a great loss of blood. I saw that he was quite given over to despair, but I succeeded in catching his eye in the early dawn, while our captors were feasting off our rations, and went through a series of pantomimes that could have been profitably copied as illustrations of a large edition of comic almanacs. O'Donnel seemed to make something out of them, for he appeared to submit to his fate without a struggle; too hopelessly, in fact; for as they had played *that* role upon us, they might suspect mischief, and so be on their guard. Therefore, I had to act out somewhat of the restlessnes which I felt to counterbalance his apathy. During the day they swung off with us somewhat from the direct route, as I made out from their whispered consultation, to visit an old rendezvous in order to procure fresh animals and provisions.

As the day passed, my feverish excitement and fear became maddening. If they were reinforced, we were lost beyond the shadow of a hope; if they did not halt in the early evening, our chances were but little better. However, at dusk, in a belt of woodland, they halted, and kindled a fire to roast some game which had been shot on their entrance into the wood, with which they would guzzle the last of our brandy, having offered us neither food nor drink since we had changed positions.

Warned by me, Corney cast himself upon the earth in evident despair. I, then, with cautious movements, placed my strong teeth upon a knot of the rope confining my wrists. The shadows in which we lay favored us, and in fifteen minutes my teeth had gnawed through the rope; fifteen minutes, and another knot was loosed, which left me power to draw out my hands. My knapsack, emptied, as they supposed, of everything, lay within reach. In an inner pocket was a small clasp-knife, hidden there for—it would seem—this very emergency. Cautiously I drew it through the brush, halting with a gasp at every motion of their heads. Nearer, nearer yet—ah! the knife is mine. How long do you say it took me to sever Corney's bonds? A minute, you think. More than half an hour! *A half hour*, when each minute seemed an eternity! But if I moved a joint suspiciously, we were lost, unarmed as we were, and with Corney wounded. Free at last! and can you guess that the reaction was more painful for the moment than the uncertainty had been? But a more difficult job was yet in store for me. The horses were picketed some fifty yards away, and, of course, we could not hope to accomplish anything without them, and our captors might have done with their feast at any time. Just where we lay, although it was sort of in the edge of the wood, it still left our outline—heads, shoulders and feet—plainly visible, while a little beyond was dark with the heavy shadows cast down by the dense foliage of the evergreens. To place my knapsack so that it would represent my shoulders, to carefully hang my hat upon a low stub, and to lean my feet gear against the grasses, took time, oh! it seemed to me an eternity of time, with each passing moment lessening our chances and our hope, and Corney getting as restless as an evil spirit while waiting for a signal. Even at that fateful time I realized how much more he was suffering in his passive state than I in my active one. Would the horses be deceived by my change of garb, and start and betray me?

With my eyes strained towards the still gormandizing outlaws, now lying flat down, now lengthening and drawing myself along like a leech, at last I had my hands on the picket pins, but I did not dare to use the necessary exertion to pull them up; with my knife I cut the ropes, and slightly drew the horses' heads together. This was the signal for Corney, and my heart stood still as I, in turn, became inactive. For one brief instant a swift and terrible temptation assailed me. I *might* save myself by vaulting upon my own beast's back and leaving O'Donnel to his fate. I conquered it, while a sickening sensation smote my vitals at the bare idea of yielding. Would Corney have done as well by me? Down, tempter! Duty is plain. The time was counted off by the tumultuous beating of my heart.

Just as O'Donnel had wound his sinuous way up to within ten feet of me, one of our captors, taking the final swallow from my canteen, arose to his feet. The time for action had come.

"Spring!" I whispered, "They are on the move; in an instant we shall be discovered."

Corney cleared the intervening space to my side, and from thence to his horse's back, with all the neatness and precision of an accomplished acrobat.

A wild yell of baffled rage set us into immediate motion. Our only chance rested upon our getting a long start, as our beasts could not hope to run before fresh steeds.

* * * * *

Now we return to the scene of the watery moon running behind the flying scud; the perfumed night, and the fleeing horsemen on the shifting sand.

They had made a connection, doubtless, with brother outlaws at the old rendezvous; for in little more than an hour's time, we saw the morning cloud of sand to the northwest of us. The eye trained to sweep the landscape in the night season, as readily discerns any unusual feature as the unpractised optic makes it out in daytime.

Corney, I knew, was suffering from his wound; neither had I escaped unscathed, for the outlaw prompt to yell had been as prompt in action, and a pistol ball was lodged somewhere near my thigh, stinging like a red hot iron. If our steeds had only been fresh, or our footing firm, how different would have been our prospects. Corney's half senseless state increased our imminent peril, for, as he lurched heavily this way and that, the noble animal, guided by more than brute instinct, sidled off, or spread his feet with a heavy stagger, to keep under his rider.

Now, about three miles before us, I can make out a short line of insignificant hills, but will it help us if we reach them? Hardly, for they are little more than exaggerated ant hills. Looking back now, I find the sand cloud has drifted up, and the moonlight finds the polished barrels of our own rifles in the hands of the outlaws, showing long, glistening bores on a dangerously suggestive level. But one faint hope is left. If I can arouse Corney. I try the last and only method. Reining up closely beside him, I swing out and give him a cruel, stinging blow directly upon the dry and smarting wound.

With a howl of rage and agony, he gathers himself up in the saddle, and had he been armed he would have attempted taking my life.

"Gather up, boy. Yonder are the hills, and a faint hope of salvation. Behind, our own rifles are held at deadly range. On, on, on!"

The fierce yell rising behind us acts as a spur upon our faltering steeds. We shall reach the hills before they get within short rifle range.

Our horses are panting audibly, but—

"The hills! the hills!" I yell to Corney, not divining hardly how they are going to help us. There's a sort of gorge between the highest elevations—an oasis—dotted with shrubs and flowering trees.

Onward for this ravine, with the gait of a spent tornado, and—fate and fury! we have charged into the camp of the freebooters. Through the very embers of their roasting fire, dislodging their haunch of venison from their impromptu spits, and it would be impossible to determine which party uttered the wildest yell of consternation at the unlooked for encounter.

An instant's hesitation on my part would have sealed our doom, but there's a sort of unholy brotherhood among outlaws, and I had no sooner called out:

"Take care of yonder fellows with regimentals on," than every wild, ruffian face lighted up with a malicious and infernal purpose.

This unexpected encounter had electrified O'Donnel's weakened nerves, and he now dashed on as eagerly and steadily as myself. A little beyond the camp, in a clump of trees, were corralled the freebooters' horses. We lost no time in transferring our avoirdupois to fresh steeds, and while the unequal contest was raging behind us, we were measuring another stretch of sand with irresistable speed.

Every pulse in our bodies seemed beating in and around our wounds, when, just as the moon was swinging her half circle below our range of vision, we heard the tar-ru-ra-ah of the bugle at Station A—, but its gay tones finished in a snarling strain, as we dashed in fairly against the rifles of the soldiery, and were recalled from our momentary oblivion by the cry:

"Outlaws! Convicts!"

However, the instantaneous recognition of the commandant saved us from immediate destruction, and a brief explanation procured us a change of apparel and medical attendance, Corney affirming through it all, "that he'd never forgive the likes of me, the hurt of his wound."

A BALLOON DUEL.

Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1808. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. le Grandpre and M. le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims; and, in order that the heat of angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her hand on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed, or, at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duelists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were constructed precisely alike. On the day denoted, De Granpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second that of the other; it was in the garden of the Tuileries, amid an immense concourse of spectators.

The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloon, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas; and, as pistols might hardly have served this purpose, each æronaut took a blunderbuss in his car. At the given signal the ropes that retained the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons at about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When half a mile above the surface of the earth a preconcerted signal for firing wre given. M. le Pique fired but missed. M. de Granpre fired and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. De Granpre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

HOME.—Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which "his heart untrammeled fondly turns." He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

MUSIC.—The art of music, whose power has been acknowledged by the most profound thinkers of all ages, is of later growth than her sisters, poetry, sculpture and painting, and its means of communicating ideas are also less positive and direct, but the principles which govern its manifestations are strictly analogous, and we recognize in its very vagueness that yearning after the infinite which approaches the Divine in its influence upon our sentiments and emotions.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Wayless and Worn. It Is Well With the Child. Visitations. Procrastination. A Summer's Dream. Autumn. Dick Thornton's Correspondent. Forgotten. Crime in High Life.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

E. B.—There is really no "rule" on the subject, but as a matter of good feeling and common decency, you should not marry for six months after the death of your sister.

CHATTERBOX.—There is no "suitable present" for a young lady to make to a young gentleman to whom she is not engaged. She ought not to make him any present at all.

R. G.—To sweeten the breath, chew every night and morning a clove or a piece of Florentine orris root about the size of a small bean, or the same quantity of burnt alum.

GERTIE.—If your lover is the self-opinionated, obstinate man which, from your description of him, he seems to be, it would be the height of folly for you to marry him. We are afraid he would make a very despotic, heartless husband, and his wife would lead a wretched life.

D. O. T.—A simple way of detecting the presence of chicory in coffee is to place a teaspoonful of the coffee on the top of a tumbler of cold water. If pure, it will float for some time and hardly color the water; but if chicory is present it will rapidly absorb, and impart a red tint to the water as it falls.

TRAVIATA.—You have asked us a rather difficult question: there is no difference whatever, morally speaking, that we ever could see between the theatre and the opera. At the theatre, plays are spoken, while at the opera they are sung. The dramatic action and the accessories of scenery are the same exactly in both.

S. B.—"A curling fluid" is made by melting a bit of white beeswax about the size of a filbert kernel, and mixing it with one ounce of olive oil, adding one or two drops of otto of roses. Remember, however, that all the curling fluids in the world won't make your hair curl unless there be some natural tendency in the hair to curl itself.

P. R.—"What was the origin of the name 'Protestant,' applied to religious denominations?" The name of "Protestant" was originally given to the Reformers of North Germany, adherents of Luther, who, in 1529, protested against the Imperial Diet held at Spires. The name is now given to a member of any of the various denominations which have sprung from the adoption of the principles of the Reformation.

SAILOR.—With the aid of books and teachers you can learn all about the theory of navigation, and the laws on which it is based; but after having done that, you would by no means be competent to navigate a vessel. *That* requires practical experience. There are so many different currents in the ocean and in the air that you must become familiar with them by years of practical work on board ship before you can sail a vessel with any reasonable safety through all seas.

MUSIC puts the following questions: "1. What are the rules for composing music? 2. Where are they to be got, and at what prices?" Our correspondent might just as well have asked, "What are the rules for writing the English language, and where are they to be bought?" Music, in a word, requires a regular and a distinct education, in which many books, much patience, and many years of hard study are required.

D. A. N.—With reference to your question as to how long after the death of your brother you should wait to get married, the wedding having been postponed on account of such death, six months is the very shortest time you must wait, and as much longer as your own feelings and sense of propriety may dictate. Every such case must, to some extent, be determined according to the special circumstances which surround it, and the exigencies of the occasion.

W. W.—No such thing as perpetual motion ever was or will be invented by man. There are several philosophical reasons against it; and even if a self-moving machine could be constructed, it would wear out in time. The nearest approach to perpetual motion which we have heard of was made fifty years ago in this country, by a man named Redener. His apparatus had rather an ingenious look, and seemed to work pretty well, but suspicion arose, and the spectators, bursting into the next room, found a sturdy assistant busily turning a crank!

CLARA.—You are altogether begging the question, so to speak. What does it signify to you whether there is any harm in dancing or not, and how does it affect your case, seeing that your parents are strongly opposed to it, and have, you say, put their veto against your dancing at all this coming winter. Whether it is morally wrong or not to dance, has nothing to do with the question. It is morally wrong for you to disobey your parents, or to treat their wishes with disrespect, and that is the only question in the case, so far as you yourself are concerned.

A. W. H.—We would not advise you to write to the gentleman, asking the reason of his indifference and change of behavior toward you. The best plan would be to let him go unnoticed until he sees fit to write or come to see you again. So long as you show the least anxiety in regard to his attachment to you, he will only presume on it, and behave still more coldly. But let him once get the notion that he is in danger of losing you altogether, and he will either at once exert himself to be reinstated in his former position, or permit you to put an end to the engagement, as you suggest.

NERVOUS LOVER.—What next? Last week we were requested by some one to assist him in writing a sensible love-letter, and now here is a "nervous lover" wanting us to tell him how or in what terms he should ask the father of the young lady to whom he is attached for the young lady? He should tell him in a simple or respectful way that he loves her, and ask for his consent to make her his wife. All that is necessary for him to say is, "Mr. ——, I love your daughter Susannah (or whatever her name may be), and have come to ask if you will give her to me for my wife, in case she is willing." This is the substance of the matter, stripped of all sentiment or romance.

SUFFERER.—To remove those black spots on the face (flesh-worms, as you call them), you will find the following remedy, though simple, very efficacious: Mix some flour of sulphur in a little milk; let it stand for a couple of hours, and then, without disturbing the sulphur, use the milk as a lotion, to be well rubbed into the skin with a towel. Almost immediately afterwards, the skin may be washed with soap and cold water. You should rub in a little cold cream at bedtime.

UNCERTAIN.—Our advice would be to you to allow things to go on just as they are now doing until you are "ready to marry." The current of your courtship is running along so smoothly that it would be a pity to interrupt it by any premature declaration of your attachment just at this precise moment. You may depend upon it the young lady is wide awake, and is by no means so ignorant of your sentiments towards her as you imagine her to be. But as to our giving you "our opinion as to what her feelings are," it is a little too much to expect that we can possibly do this when you yourself, who have known her ever since she was ten years old, say you cannot tell.

GAMMA.—Can any of our readers kindly inform this correspondent where the following lines occur; and the name of the author?

"There are thorns besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a trusting heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere."

2. Clipping the ends of the eyelashes will have the desired effect. 3. It is impossible for us to "judge your age" by your handwriting. 4. In regard to your writing, we are pleased to hear that you "can do better when you like," and are only sorry you didn't "like" when you wrote to us.

J. E. D.—As you are of age, you, of course, have the legal right to marry whenever you please; but, nevertheless, the feelings of your parents should not be disregarded. You should do your best to harmonize your wishes with theirs, and if, at last, your judgment and affections compel you to take a course which does not meet with their approval, you should, in all your actions, be as gentle and loving to them as possible, in order that their disappointment may have no unnecessary element of bitterness added to it. Your lover's threats "to give you up unless you married at once," regardless of your parents' wishes, are very unkind and unmanly, and do not argue much in favor of the domestic happiness of his future wife, whoever she may be.

M. E. P.—Mephistopheles is a well-known character in the drama, or rather, dramatic poem of "Faust," one of the most imaginative of Goethe's works. Mephistopheles is the tempter, the evil spirit, by whose agency Faust is led onward in his downward career, but is not the vulgar fiend you imagine, with the usual hoofs, horns and tail. He is a subtle, shrewd, sarcastic, artful being. The character of Faust is true to itself in all its bearings, and the glimpses of his better nature, which occasionally break like sunbeams through the dark clouds which envelop him, are touches by a master mind. Marguerite is very touchingly and naturally sketched; her simplicity, her love, her devotion and trust, and even her fall, are pictures full of nature.

J. F. (Pittsburgh).—The lovers to whom you refer, who, you say, "have quarreled and want to be good friends again, but neither of whom will speak first, because neither of them think it is his or her place to do so," are by no means singular in their conduct. There are doubtless hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of lovers who are now situated just as your two friends are. The best way for such silly individuals is to let them alone until they become so heartily sick of their pouting and quarreling that they will be glad to do anything reasonable to put an end to such an unhappy state of affairs. When lovers quarrel, the one whose nature is the noblest is the one who generally makes the first advances towards a reconciliation, while the one whose nature is the meanest is sure to sulk the longest.

MINNIE.—You might have found out what we thought about flirting if you had been a steady reader of our correspondence column. Whenever a young lady so far forgets her self-respect and dignity as to "try and attract the notice of gentlemen," she almost always fails of her object; for, by so doing, she publicly shows that she has lost that sweet, maidenly reserve which is her chief charm. No true man, when looking out for a sharer in his joys and sorrows, would choose one who could dazzle a crowd, for these are not the qualities which endure the wear and tear of life. Any man who only values external, superficial accomplishments, which any woman of ordinary capacities may acquire, who cares *nothing for the mind so long as she is* handsome enough to gratify his vanity, such a man might make a very desirable escort to places of amusement, but would never make a good, practical, loving husband; and no girl of sense or sound principles would desire any other, were he the possessor of incalculable wealth.

CANADIAN.—"I should like to know how Canada obtained its name. I have inquired of several, but no one can tell me, and as you seem to have a happy knack of answering all kinds of questions, I thought I would come to you for the information." The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular searches for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, *A ca nada* (there is nothing here). The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence, *A ca nada*. The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly-recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.

AN ADMIRER (Philada.).—"What fancy articles can be made of autumn leaves, and how? I have a great number of beautiful leaves, and do not know exactly what to do with them." We are happy to suggest a few of the ornamental uses to which autumn leaves may be put, and shall be pleased to hear from any of our readers, who may be able to tell us of some other articles which can be made of them, for the benefit of future inquirers. First of all, you can make very pretty leaf picture frames, suitable for large, cheap prints, colored or plain, not worth glass to cover them, yet too pretty and useful to throw away, as they please the children. Take a piece of pasted board the size required, bind the edges with any fancy paper, attach the screws and cord, then paste the picture on very solidly, excluding all air, and hang it up to dry. Another and perhaps preferable foundation (as some kinds of board are apt to warp), is made of a little wooden frame, with strong white cotton cloth drawn tightly over and tacked firmly, then paste on the pictures as before. Then take pressed, dry leaves, all sizes, shapes and colors, and arrange them according to your best taste, about the margin, fastening them with gum arabic and flour paste very smooth and well boiled, pressing them down carefully from base to point. Most of the stems will have to be removed, as they are in the way and do not stick well. Hang up again till quite dry, which will probably be next day. Then gently brush the whole, leaves, picture and all, with furniture varnish. When dry, apply another coat, and if it is all done tastefully, you will not want to banish it to the children's room, but will think it an ornament to any common apartment. If you like your leaves varnished, mastic varnish is the sort to use, but it must not be applied until the leaves have been for some days or even weeks under a heavy weight, laid smoothly between layers of soft paper. You may dispense entirely with varnish if you prefer, and may insure to yourself the almost perfect preservation of the original colors by using layers of raw cotton instead of paper when you put your leaves aside to dry. A painted wreath or other combination of foliage may be so perfectly imitated that only his touch can convince the beholder that the picture is not the work of an artist's pencil. This is done by applying mucilage to the back of the leaves, and disposing them in a graceful and effective manner upon a sheet of pure white card-board. The picture may be inclosed in a frame of rustic workmanship to be in keeping, but should be covered with glass to be preserved from injury. Pretty mats may be made of card-board decorated with a border of leaves, and for this purpose maple leaves are especially appropriate.

MISCELLANEOUS.—F. F. W. (Middleton).—Both your questions have only very recently been answered in these columns, and we cannot repeat them so soon. PHIL. HOULAN.—We thank you for your problem, which we will publish, though we are afraid very few will be able to answer it. WILLIAM PENN.—It would be utterly impossible for us or anybody else to tell how long it would take you to study all the books you mention. MARY.—Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace as well as the burialplace of Shakspeare, is in Warwickshire, England. J. L. P.—We must decline giving young persons desirous of going on the stage any other advice than that they should consult their parents and immediate friends. M. A. R.—The late Emperor Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst, England, on the 9th of January, 1873. C. Y. S.—We are sorry to decline the article, but it possesses no interest for general readers. A YOUNG MUSICIAN.—Unless extraordinary talent is developed, eight years of age is quite early enough to be taught music. HERSHEY.—It would be the height of presumption for you to interfere in the matter at all.—We have no faith in the advertisement you refer to. J. M. H.—The word "suite" is pronounced like "sweet."

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*